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[From the Pittsburgh Gazette.]

Betsey and I Are Out Once More.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

Betsey and I are out once more—we've had
a tearing fight;
We jawed, and talked, and slashed around
—I tell you 'twas a sight.
I kinder wish we hadn't fought; it seems a
little queer
That we can't live like other folks, and be
contented here.

But Betsey has a temper, sir, and I've a
temper, too,
And when we commence to fight, we fight
the battle through.
In this, our latest little fuss, she fairly
scrunched me down;
She grabbed my silver locks, and tore them
from my crown.

She thrashed me with a hazel stick—it might
be called a pole—
And then she cracked me on the head with
twenty lumps of coal;
She took me by my Roman nose—the handle
of my head—
She wrung and twisted it about—Oh! gosh-
ens how it bled!

She said I'd never bought for her a new and
shiny silk;
And then she flung kerslosh on me a crock
of buttermilk;
She said I was an ugly man—a mean and
lying cheat—
And up her foot went, sudden-like, and I
went off my seat.

"Now, Cale," said she, "just sit you there,
and listen while I talk;
I'll show you now I am boss, and make you
toe the chalk.
You are a pretty man, oh, dear! of high and
moral tone,
To lounge about that drinking hole, and
leave me here alone.

"'Tis years ago since first we met; you said
you loved me well;
You said you'd always be the same—in hap-
piness we'd dwell;
You said you knew there ne'er was one you
would so fondly prize."
And while she spake, ah, me! 'tis true, the
tears came in her eyes.

'Twas very strange to see her thus, my Bet-
sey shedding tears!
I'm sure I had not seen her cry for more
than twenty years.
It took me back unto the past—the pain of
long ago—
When she and I stood by the grave of dar-
ling little Joe.

I thought I'd like to say to her, "My Betsey,
do not weep;
If you forgive me, true it is I will my pre-
mise keep:
I'll drink no more, I'll stay at home, for 'tis
a better plan,
And you can help me, if you will, to be a
better man."

But Betsey had the floor just then—I thought
I wouldn't speak;
I thought I'd wait and hear her through, if
she would talk a week.
Upon the floor I rested still—and sure 'twas
better thus;
If I had tried to take a chair there might
have been a fuss.

And then she spake to me again: "Have you
forgot the past?
Have you forgot our sunny life before it was
o'ercast?
Ah! Cale, I truly loved you then—you were
so kind and true—
For many years I thought there was no bet-
ter man than you.

"And when our little darlings died, Eliza,
Kate and Joe,
They placed them in the quiet vale, and we
were full of woe;
You were so good and noble then—my staff
and only stay;
You spoke to me so tenderly, my troubles
passed away.

"The years went on and you grew cold—you
cared no more for me—
And somehow we commenced to fight, we
could no more agree;
You took to drink and squandered all—it
sorely grieved my heart;
But I have thought the matter o'er, and,
Cale, we'd better part."

This roused me up. Said I, "Old Bets, you
are saying jude!"
(I felt as big as seven men and not the least
afraid.)
"I'm sure I haven't squandered all—you've
got your money yet;
So keep it all and use it all, and don't get in
a sweat."

With that a heavy lick she struck me, and
knocked me on the floor,
And then she rapped me on the head some
twenty times or more.
She pulled me east, she pulled me west, she
grabbed me by the hair;
She flung me clear across the room and
smashed the rocking chair.

When I got out I came away, and now I
have no home;
I go away with saddened heart, in this cold
world to roam,
The tears will come into my eyes, it seems
so lonely now;
And then I ask, "How will I live?" and
echo answers, "How?"

I am a very quiet man; I hate these fights
and brawls;
I'd rather go and end my days within the
poor-house walls.
I'd rather be both lone and poor, and live
upon the town,
Than have my Betsey jaw me so and daily
knock me down.

It seems so strange to leave my home when
I am poor and old,
And go away and wander round in this great
world so cold;
It seems so strange to leave the one with
whom I've passed my days;
I should have lived a nobler life and tried to
mend my ways.

I fear that Betsey'll come to want; she's get-
ting old and gray;
But can I stay and help her on along her
weary way?
No, no, I can't, she wrung my nose and drag-
ged me all about,
And so you see, it cannot be; for she and I
are out.

But now that I have left my home, I'll take
a solemn vow—
I'll never drink another dram—I'll start
anew from now;
And while I live I'll live aright—atone for
for all the past,
And strive to reach that better land and rest
in peace at last.

SHIRLAND, Allegheny Co., Pa.

AN Akron, Ohio, cat, relying upon his nine lives to save him, allowed his tail to swell, his spine to curve, and with the "banner cry of hell" emanating from his jaws, waded into a buzz saw in rapid motion. The cat was never seen again, but the boss sawyer, who always stood with his mouth open while at work, remarked to his assistant that he could taste "fiddle strings and sausage meat in the air that morning."

THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor, and did his best to make his living for his wife and four children.

Down stairs the small tobacconist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up piecemeal, and with groans, as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills, but because of the shortness of funds, common to many people.

Up in the attic lived the single lodger, of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith, but what did that tell when it was so common? He was lean, and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes. What his business was, or if he had any, no one knew. Perhaps he wore stockings. The poor apothecary of "Romeo and Juliet" put him in mind of his attic lodger, when, being presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakspeare.

"He ain't like it in the face, though," thought Mrs. Tobacconist; "his clothes is too good, Mr. Smith, that's all."

It was an acute remark. Mr. Smith's clothes did not fit him too good, inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business, he seemed to have none. At noon he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. At twelve o'clock he disappeared till midnight, when he let himself in with a latch-key, and went to bed without a candle.

"And for all he told anybody about himself," said the tobacconist's wife, "he might have been a ghost."

"But he's civil spoken," said the tailor's wife, to whom he always said, "Excuse me ma'am," when he found her afloat on the staircase, in a puddle of soap and water, which always made the blackboards blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the flood with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith a gentleman. However this fancy the tailor crushed it with a curse, "Gentlemen don't wear any such a coat as that, Sally."

Poor little tailor, he sat cross-legged on his board and stitched, and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats, it would have been better for him and his brood. Times seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get. When the little man read in his morning paper of men who shot themselves or took laudanum, he wondered whether they had four children with hearty appetites, and a prospect of having nothing to eat for several days. No thought of killing himself—besides he had been told by his clergyman that suicide was wicked; but he couldn't help thinking. And the civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One night when Sally, who had been mending and ironing and patching the family rags all day, was economically using up the fire by cooking a loaf of bread in the stove oven, she heard the lodger come in. He went up stairs and paced the floor—he came out on the entry and creaked the stairs. He seemed as restless as a caged tiger and he had behaved so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did by the creaking and snapping of his bedstead.

"What can ail him?" said Sally, as she took her bread out of the oven and pricked it with a straw, finding it done. "What can ail him? I hope he ain't sick or nothing—he is so civil, poor dear."

Then Sally listened again.

"I declare! he's coming down," she said. "He must be sick, and there he is knocking—law!"

Then she opened the door.

The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed on a hungry face, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.

The gaunt hand stretched itself out, and a voice said faintly:

"Madame, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. It's three days since I ate anything, and I—don't want to die."

"Law! I should think not," said the woman. "Why, law me, I'm so sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law, why, do take it. I ain't got nothing else. You see we are pretty poor ourselves—and there—oh, law!" She was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself: "It's like a play. It makes me want to cry."

Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.

"I didn't thank you," he said. "Thank you! thank you!" and went away.

Sally sat down, trembling still.

To be out of a job and to be hungry were no rare things and no tragic things in her experience; but this man had stirred her soul, somehow frightened her, and she said, "I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread; but there, now, I couldn't help it."

Then Sally went to bed and slept, and dreamed of the hollow-cheeked lodger of the attic.

There was more bread to make next day, and I am not sure but that she had made an extra loaf, in expectation of another call from her neighbor, but he did not come, and in the course of time Sally had enough to think of without leaving her own room. Matters did not prosper with the family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever and lay for a long time at death's door, and the work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry and left her.

Then the baby died. Poor little baby!

The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children were expensive luxuries in that poor household. Finally the last affliction fell upon the tailor—a felon on his right thumb.

There was an end to all, it seemed to both. Nothing but the hospital and the almshouse before them. The rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobacconist was in a fury. He called to give him warning and a piece of his mind. On the morrow out he should go, neck and crop. The tailor said nothing. The wife, woman-like, had her word.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "We haven't a penny in the world."

"It is nothing to me where you go," said the landlord, "so that I get you out of my rooms. I want them for honest people."

"We're unfortunate, but we never mean to be dishonest," cried the wife.

Then the husband, in an angry word, bade her hold her tongue.

"It's all the same," he said; "we will go to-morrow, and now you go, Mr. Landlord."

Then they were left alone, bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Sally looked at her empty flour barrel, at her wretched family, and then burst into tears.

"It's no use trying any longer," she said. "If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask."

She put the children to bed and sat down upon a chair drawn by force of habit to the hearth of an empty stove.

Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was less sane than a madman.

He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of tallow candle burnt low, the bitter wind rattled the casement, the rain beat against it.

"We shall be out in all that to-morrow," said the man. "We've not a friend in the world."

"We've got one friend, I hope," said the wife.

"Who is he?" asked the tailor.

"God," said the woman. "Maybe He'll find a way to help us. We have not been very bad, Sam."

"Better to have starved before now," said the tailor. "We haven't any particular right to expect miracles, that I know of. Hark! what's that?"

"A knock," said the wife, and, trembling lest her landlord should have returned, opened the door. Without stood the tall, gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.

"He's come for some bread," thought the woman, and amidst her own trouble she grieved over the thought of refusing his appeal.

He made none, however. This is what he said:

"Madame, awhile ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread. Allow me to return the loaf with thanks."

So he vanished. A whole fresh loaf lay in the woman's hand. She carried it in.

"This is more than I expected," she said. "You see God is good."

She lifted the side of the candlestick a little. The light flared up.

"Now, mother," cried a child's voice from the bed, "I'm hungry."

Sally broke it in two. It parted with singular ease. She gave a little cry.

It had evidently been parted before and joined together, and from the heart a handful of crumbs had been scooped and in it lay a little white packet:

"It's fairy-bread," cried Sally, remembering some old country legend.

"Look on it before the light goes out," said the tailor,

Sally obeyed. She opened the packet and found two envelopes. In the one was this note:

MADAME:—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my luck turned. To-day I am worth fifty thousand dollars, having won a lawsuit, that has been pending for years. Please accept the enclosure, and believe me your ever obliged, ATTIC LODGER.

There was a five hundred dollar note in the envelope, and when she saw it she thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.

The gift was the saving of the family.

Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again in truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again, there was a patron for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam could no longer doubt him a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobacconist bows low as he meets him on his way out, or sells him choice Havanas over the counter. He stops at the door in his carriage, and lodges in the attic no longer; but he never has forgotten, nor seems likely to forget, the loaf of bread given him by the tailor's wife when he was starving.

A KING FOR AN HOUR.

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY REVOLUTIONS ON RECORD.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the courtyard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, beside his secretaries and the usual divan: and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, as it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissing the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of this indiscretion, and putting it back again into his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement redoubled. Yet, seriously enough nobody stirred, except himself. He rose, and "walked a few yards"—I well recollect the description of the writer in that gazetteer—calling out to his attendants: "Among so many, can you not destroy such a villain as this?" and then dropped.

If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less. But his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow; he no sooner had his victim on the ground than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne.

In the meantime a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol ball in the High Treasurer's collarbone, given him two sabre cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally.

In a recent American description of a free fight, we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were used; and pistols and sabres seemed in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchial proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what he sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it.) He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and cannons to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chiauses, or messengers, of the palace took heart of grace, and suddenly snatching up a carbine, shot the usurper dead at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ah Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such an humble scale so near a success. These six men were the sole conspirators, but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they themselves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a King for an hour.—Chambers' Journal.

CHECKED BAGGAGE.—A bachelor editor was traveling all alone by himself. His baggage consisted of but one extra shirt, and that one a blue checked one. The baggage man accosted him with:

"Any baggage, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see the checks."

The editor cautiously unravelled the bundle, and holding up his shirt, asked the fellow if he could see the checks. An umph! in basso continuendo, and the expressman was gone.

A MERCHANT in Topeka recently lost $450 in cash. As his wife and one of his clerks have not been seen since, he is apprehensive that they were murdered for the money.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

This remarkable shaft is situated about two miles from the southern gate of Alexandria, the famous city of Lower Egypt, and once its capitol. It is composed of red granite; the capital, which is nine feet high, is Corinthian, with palm leaves and not indented. The base, which is one solid block of marble, fifteen feet square, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The shaft and the upper member of the base, are of one piece of granite ninety feet long and nine feet in diameter. The whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument, which, seen from a distance, overtops the town, and seems to be a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, Pompey's Pillar produces astonishment mixed with awe; and the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal, excite the admiration of all travelers.

THE NEPENTHES.

One of the most singular productions of the vegetable world is found in the Monkey Cup, a tropical plant of the genus Nepenthes. This plant has always excited the admiration of those who have examined its structure with a view to the contrivance which it so strikingly exhibited in the formation of its leaves. It is a native of India—a herbaceous plant, with thick roots, and a simple stem crowned with flowers disposed in branches. The leaves are alternate, partly embracing the stem at their base, and terminated by tendrils, each of which supports a deep membranous urn of an oblong shape, closed by a little valve like the lid of a box. This appendage to the leaf appears to be as designed and studied a piece of mechanism as anything we can meet within Nature's more complicated productions. The leaf as we have already said, is terminated by a deep, oblong urn; this in general is filled with a sweet, limpid water. In the morning the lid is closed, but it opens during the heat of the day, and a portion of the water evaporates; this is replenished in the night, and each morning the vessel is full and the lid shut. The plant grows in a climate where the parched traveler is frequently in want of refreshment, and gladly avails himself of the water which this vegetable affords, each urn containing the measure of about half a wine glass. The use of this plant is too evident to need any comment. It is one of the many instances in nature of the bounty of Providence, who has filled the urns of the Nepenthes with a treasure, of all others the most refreshing to the inhabitants of hot climates.

Whatever is sufficiently singular to raise our admiration, frequently becomes the object of superstition: this is the case with the Nepenthes among the inhabitants of Madagascar, who believe that if they overturn one of these vessels of water, no rain will fall on that day.

MELON WINE.

How true it is that it takes everybody to know everything. Pumpkins and a variety of delicious watermelons grow spontaneously in Arabia. Perhaps they develop more richly there than in Persia, where they are extremely good.

They abound in great plenty, immensely beyond the demands of consumers and the prudent lookers ahead cut a hole through the rind, while on the vine, down into the pulp. It is then closed with wax. Under a genial sun the core soon begins to melt away till it disappears, leaving the shell nearly full of a delicious fluid which is called mellon wine. Like the drink of the gods, it is not to be compared with any other beverage on earth, say the consumers. A hint here for an experiment the coming season.

MONSTER GRAPEVINE.

A little way from Windsor Castle, the out-of-town residence of the Queen of England, and belonging to the royal domain, there is probably, if not the largest, the most prolific grapevine on the globe. In the first place, it is eighty-three years old—yet vigorous and thrifty as in youth. The trunk, large and rank, divides into two branches a few feet from the ground, which are trailed in different directions for rods. One entire glass house is given up to the protection of the veteran, which was reputed to have had fifteen thousand bunches, plump, full and inviting, when we saw it in August. In green house chronicles that vine is without a parallel. The annual yield is equal to a phalanx of ordinary vines in their best condition.

STAGNANT WATER.

The impression that still water in pools and canals where there is scarcely a movement, is extremely dangerous, and especially when covered with confervæ, admits of a question. At the Hague, the capital of Holland, threaded with canals, in which no current is perceptible, they are so densely carpeted with a thick green scum, strangers turn away from them in fear, as though they were poisoning the atmosphere. But no such apprehension as being charged with mephitic gases is expressed by the inhabitants. They neither see nor imagine any sanitary disturbance from such a source. Investigation shows that the confervæ is a vegetable growth actually modifying and purifying exhalations passing up through the delicate covering. So much for fact. With us a green pool near a dwelling is denounced as a nuisance requiring immediate destruction because it will generate disease. Skim off the purifying confervæ, and that which excites apprehension and disease from the stagnant surface would soon work disastrous effects.

MARKETABLE FISH.

With us, fish die in the boat soon after being taken from the hook or out of a net. When the fishermen have caught a freight, then they sell the lot on arrival at the wharf. Consequently the fish have been dead several hours. Their decay is exceedingly rapid. So no one knows in buying a dinner whether they are precisely fresh or not. Ice water and ice keep up appearances long enough to sell off the day's stock.

In Chinese markets fish are swimming alive in tanks, so a consumer makes a selection. That excellent custom is beginning to be introduced in many European cities. Some attempts have been made here, but it is rather troublesome, so fishmongers continue to consult their profits rather than the stomachs of their patrons. That is natural enough, and perhaps in such a variable range of temperature as we have hereabouts, fish do not begin to decompose for a day or two, properly cared for in shambles.

Arabians on the shores of the Red Sea are proverbial fish eaters, but few of them ever see one alive. As soon as caught the fishermen kill them for fear of violating a precept of Mahomedanism, if brought alive to land. Cattle are also fed on fish all along the coast, as they are in Iceland.

On account of the phosphorus and fodine in a fish diet, the first being considered a brain strengthener, while the latter keeps down glandular enlargements, it is becoming a popular dish. No matter what the inducement may be, fish is excellent food and eminently nutricious. Those who subsist on it largely are healthy, strong, energetic and active people. What says science to that?

USE OF COFFEE WHERE IT GROWS.

That little or no coffee is consumed in those far off Eastern countries where it was first discovered, and from whence it has been diffused over the habitable globe, is one of the curiosities of history. Throughout Yeman, the original home of the plant, coffee berries are barely used at all. There is a prejudice against them as to heating.

The native name is bunn. The favorite drink is prepared from husks of the coffee bean, slightly roasted, and then pounded, or rather marked, ready for making a decoction. It has a tea taste, and rather grateful to the palate, under the term kischer.

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silk, broad cloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

A GENTLEMAN in North Carolina built a fire in his house on his wedding day, twenty-five years ago, and has kept it burning night and day ever since, and declares his intention never to permit it to die out while he lives.

JOSH BILLINGS gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if yer mustach don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach duz the best nothing else duz so well."

Cambria Freeman.

K. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1873. NUMBER 11.

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[From the Pittsburgh Gazette.]

Betsey and I Are Out Once More.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

Betsey and I are out once more—we've had a tearing fight;
We jawed, and talked, and slashed around—I tell you 'twas a sight.
I kinder wish we hadn't fought; it seems a little queer
That we can't live like other folks, and be contented here.

But Betsey has a temper, sir, and I've a temper, too,
And when we commence to fight, we fight the battle through.
In this, our latest little fuss, she fairly scrunched me down;
She grabbed my silver locks, and tore them from my crown.

She thrashed me with a hazel stick—it might be called a pole—
And then she cracked me on the head with twenty lumps of coal;
She took me by my Roman nose—the handle of my head—
She wrung and twisted it about—Oh! goshens how it bled!

She said I'd never bought for her a new and shiny silk,
And then she flung kerslosh on me a crock of buttermilk;
She said I was an ugly man—a mean and lying cheat—
And up her foot went, sudden-like, and I went off my seat.

"Now, Cale," said she, "just sit you there, and listen while I talk;
I'll show you now I am boss, and make you toe the chalk.
You are a pretty man, oh, dear! of high and moral tone,
To lounge about that drinking hole, and leave me here alone.

"'Tis years ago since first we met; you said you loved me well;
You said you'd always be the same—in happiness we'd dwell;
You said you knew there ne'er was one you would so fondly prize,"
And while she spake, ah, me! 'tis true, the tears came in her eyes.

'Twas very strange to see her thus, my Betsey shedding tears!
I'm sure I had not seen her cry for more than twenty years.
It took me back unto the past—the pain of long ago—
When she and I stood by the grave of darling little Joe.

I thought I'd like to say to her, "My Betsey, do not weep;
If you forgive me, true it is I will my promise keep;
I'll drink no more, I'll stay at home, for 'tis a better plan,
And you can help me, if you will, to be a better man."

But Betsey had the floor just then—I thought I wouldn't speak;
I thought I'd wait and hear her through, if she would talk a week.
Upon the floor I rested still—and sure 'twas better thus;
If I had tried to take a chair there might have been a fuss.

And then she spake to me again: "Have you forgot the past?
Have you forgot our sunny life before it was o'ercast?
Ah! Cale, I truly loved you then—you were so kind and true—
For many years I thought there was no better man than you.

"And when our little darlings died, Eliza, Kate and Joe,
They placed them in the quiet vale, and we were full of woe;
You were so good and noble then—my staff and only stay;
You spoke to me so tenderly, my troubles passed away.

"The years went on and you grew cold—you cared no more for me—
And somehow we commenced to fight, we could no more agree;
You took to drink and squandered all—it sorely grieved my heart;
But I have thought the matter o'er, and, Cale, we'd better part."

This roused me up. Said I, "Old Bets, you are a lying jade!"
(I felt as big as seven men and not the least afraid.)
"I'm sure I haven't squandered all—you've got your money yet;
So keep it all and use it all, and don't get in a sweat."

With that a heavy lick she struck me, and knocked me on the floor,
And then she rapped me on the head some twenty times or more.
She pulled me east, she pulled me west, she grabbed me by the hair;
She flung me clear across the room and smashed the rocking chair.

When I got out I came away, and now I have no home;
I go away with saddened heart, in this cold world to roam,
The tears will come into my eyes, it seems so lonely now;
And then I ask, "How will I live?" and echo answers, "How?"

I am a very quiet man; I hate these fights and brawls;
I'd rather go and end my days within the poor-house walls.
I'd rather be both lone and poor, and live upon the town,
Than have my Betsey jaw me so and daily knock me down.

It seems so strange to leave my home when I am poor and old,
And go away and wander round in this great world so cold;
It seems so strange to leave the one with whom I've passed my days;
I should have lived a nobler life and tried to mend my ways.

I fear that Betsey'll come to want; she's getting old and gray;
But can I stay and help her on along her weary way?
No, no, I can't, she wrung my nose and dragged me all about,
And so you see, it cannot be; for she and I are out.

But now that I have left my home, I'll take a solemn vow—
I'll never drink another dram—I'll start anew from now;
And while I live I'll live aright—atone for for all the past,
And strive to reach that better land and rest in peace at last.

SHIRELAND, Allegheny Co., Pa.

AN Akron, Ohio, cat, relying upon his nine lives to save him, allowed his tail to swell, his spine to curve, and with the "banner cry of hell" emanating from his jaws, waded into a buzz saw in rapid motion. The cat was never seen again, but the boss sawyer, who always stood with his mouth open while at work, remarked to his assistant that he could taste "fiddle strings and sausage meat in the air that morning."

THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor, and did his best to make his living for his wife and four children.

Down stairs the small tobacconist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up piecemeal, and with groans, as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills, but because of the shortness of funds, common to many people.

Up in the attic lived the single lodger, of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith, but what did that tell when it was so common? He was lean, and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes. What his business was, or if he had any, no one knew. Perhaps he wore stockings. The poor apothecary of "Romeo and Juliet" put him in mind of his attic lodger, when, being presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakspeare.

"He ain't like it in the face, though," thought Mrs. Tobacconist; "his clothes is too good, Mr. Smith, that's all."

It was an acute remark. Mr. Smith's clothes did not fit him too good, inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business, he seemed to have none. At noon he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. At twelve o'clock he disappeared till midnight, when he let himself in with a latch-key, and went to bed without a candle.

"And for all he told anybody about himself," said the tobacconist's wife, "he might have been a ghost."

"But he's civil spoken," said the tailor's wife, to whom he always said, "Excuse me ma'am," when he found her afloat on the staircase, in a puddle of soap and water, which always made the blackboards blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the flood with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith a gentleman. However this fancy the tailor crushed it with a curse, "Gentlemen don't wear any such a coat as that, Sally."

Poor little tailor, he sat cross-legged on his board and stitched, and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats, it would have been better for him and his brood. Times seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get. When the little man read in his morning paper of men who shot themselves or took laudanum, he wondered whether they had four children with hearty appetites, and a prospect of having nothing to eat for several days. No thought of killing himself—besides he had been told by his clergyman that suicide was wicked; but he couldn't help thinking. And the civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One night when Sally, who had been mending and ironing and patching the family rags all day, was economically using up the fire by cooking a loaf of bread in the stove oven, she heard the lodger come in. He went up stairs and paced the floor—he came out on the entry and creaked the stairs. He seemed as restless as a caged tiger and he had behaved so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did by the creaking and snapping of his bedstead.

"What can ail him?" said Sally, as she took her bread out of the oven and pricked it with a straw, finding it done. "What can ail him? I hope he ain't sick or nothing—he is so civil, poor dear."

Then Sally listened again.

"I declare! he's coming down," she said. "He must be sick, and there he is knocking—law!"

Then she opened the door.

The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed on a hungry face, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.

The gaunt hand stretched itself out, and a voice said faintly:

"Madame, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. It's three days since I ate anything, and I—don't want to die."

"Law! I should think not," said the woman. "Why, law me, I'm so sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law, why, do take it. I ain't got nothing else. You see we are pretty poor ourselves—and there—oh, law!" She was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself: "It's like a play. It makes me want to cry."

Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.

"I didn't thank you," he said. "Thank you! thank you!" and went away.

Sally sat down, trembling still.

To be out of a job and to be hungry were no rare things and no tragic things in her experience; but this man had stirred her soul, somehow frightened her, and she said, "I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread; but there, now, I couldn't help it."

Then Sally went to bed and slept, and dreamed of the hollow-cheeked lodger of the attic.

There was more bread to make next day, and I am not sure but that she had made an extra loaf, in expectation of another call from her neighbor, but he did not come, and in the course of time Sally had enough to think of without leaving her own room. Matters did not prosper with the family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever and lay for a long time at death's door, and the work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry and left her.

Then the baby died. Poor little baby!

The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children were expensive luxuries in that poor household. Finally the last affliction fell upon the tailor—a felon on his right thumb.

There was an end to all, it seemed to both. Nothing but the hospital and the almshouse before them. The rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobacconist was in a fury. He called to give him warning and a piece of his mind. On the morrow out he should go, neck and crop. The tailor said nothing. The wife, woman-like, had her word.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "We haven't a penny in the world."

"It is nothing to me where you go," said the landlord, "so that I get you out of my rooms. I want them for honest people."

"We're unfortunate, but we never mean to be dishonest," cried the wife.

Then the husband, in an angry word, bade her hold her tongue.

"It's all the same," he said; "we will go to-morrow, and now you go, Mr. Landlord."

Then they were left alone, bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Sally looked at her empty flour barrel, at her wretched family, and then burst into tears.

"It's no use trying any longer," she said. "If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask."

She put the children to bed and sat down upon a chair drawn by force of habit to the hearth of an empty stove.

Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was less sane than a madman.

He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of tallow candle burnt low, the bitter wind rattled the casement, the rain beat against it.

"We shall be out in all that to-morrow," said the man. "We've not a friend in the world."

"We've got one friend, I hope," said the wife.

"Who is he?" asked the tailor.

"God," said the woman. "Maybe He'll find a way to help us. We have not been very bad, Sam."

"Better to have starved before now," said the tailor. "We haven't any particular right to expect miracles, that I know of. Hark! what's that?"

"A knock," said the wife, and, trembling lest her landlord should have returned, opened the door. Without stood the tall, gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.

"He's come for some bread," thought the woman, and amidst her own trouble she grieved over the thought of refusing his appeal.

He made none, however. This is what he said:

"Madame, awhile ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread. Allow me to return the loaf with thanks."

So he vanished. A whole fresh loaf lay in the woman's hand. She carried it in.

"This is more than I expected," she said. "You see God is good."

She lifted the side of the candlestick a little. The light flared up.

"Now, mother," cried a child's voice from the bed, "I'm hungry."

Sally broke it in two. It parted with singular ease. She gave a little cry.

It had evidently been parted before and joined together, and from the heart a handful of crumbs had been scooped and in it lay a little white packet:

"It's fairy-bread," cried Sally, remembering some old country legend.

"Look on it before the light goes out," said the tailor,

Sally obeyed. She opened the packet and found two envelopes. In the one was this note:

MADAME:—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my luck turned. To-day I am worth fifty thousand dollars, having won a lawsuit, that has been pending for years. Please accept the enclosure, and believe me your ever obliged, ATTIC LODGER.

There was a five hundred dollar note in the envelope, and when she saw it she thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.

The gift was the saving of the family.

Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again in truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again, there was a patron for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam could no longer doubt him a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobacconist bows low as he meets him on his way out, or sells him choice Havanas over the counter. He stops at the door in his carriage, and lodges in the attic no longer; but he never has forgotten, nor seems likely to forget, the loaf of bread given him by the tailor's wife when he was starving.

A KING FOR AN HOUR.

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY REVOLUTIONS ON RECORD.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the courtyard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, beside his secretaries and the usual divan: and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, as it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissing the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of this indiscretion, and putting it back again into his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement redoubled. Yet, seriously enough nobody stirred, except himself. He rose, and "walked a few yards"—I well recollect the description of the writer in that gazetteer—calling out to his attendants: "Among so many, can you not destroy such a villain as this?" and then dropped.

If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less. But his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow; he no sooner had his victim on the ground than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne.

In the meantime a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol ball in the High Treasurer's collarbone, given him two sabre cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally.

In a recent American description of a free fight, we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were used; and pistols and sabres seemed in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchial proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what he sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it.) He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and cannons to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chiauses, or messengers, of the palace took heart of grace, and suddenly snatching up a carbine, shot the usurper dead at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ah Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such an humble scale so near a success. These six men were the sole conspirators, but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they themselves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a King for an hour.—Chambers' Journal.

CHECKED BAGGAGE.—A bachelor editor was traveling all alone by himself. His baggage consisted of but one extra shirt, and that one a blue checked one. The baggage man accosted him with:

"Any baggage, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see the checks."

The editor cautiously unravelled the bundle, and holding up his shirt, asked the fellow if he could see the checks. An umph! in basso continuendo, and the expressman was gone.

A MERCHANT in Topeka recently lost $450 in cash. As his wife and one of his clerks have not been seen since, he is apprehensive that they were murdered for the money.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

This remarkable shaft is situated about two miles from the southern gate of Alexandria, the famous city of Lower Egypt, and once its capitol. It is composed of red granite; the capital, which is nine feet high, is Corinthian, with palm leaves and not indented. The base, which is one solid block of marble, fifteen feet square, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The shaft and the upper member of the base, are of one piece of granite ninety feet long and nine feet in diameter. The whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument, which, seen from a distance, overtops the town, and seems to be a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, Pompey's Pillar produces astonishment mixed with awe; and the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal, excite the admiration of all travelers.

THE NEPENTHES.

One of the most singular productions of the vegetable world is found in the Monkey Cup, a tropical plant of the genus Nepenthes. This plant has always excited the admiration of those who have examined its structure with a view to the contrivance which it so strikingly exhibited in the formation of its leaves. It is a native of India—a herbaceous plant, with thick roots, and a simple stem crowned with flowers disposed in branches. The leaves are alternate, partly embracing the stem at their base, and terminated by tendrils, each of which supports a deep membranous urn of an oblong shape, closed by a little valve like the lid of a box. This appendage to the leaf appears to be as designed and studied a piece of mechanism as anything we can meet within Nature's more complicated productions. The leaf as we have already said, is terminated by a deep, oblong urn; this in general is filled with a sweet, limpid water. In the morning the lid is closed, but it opens during the heat of the day, and a portion of the water evaporates; this is replenished in the night, and each morning the vessel is full and the lid shut. The plant grows in a climate where the parched traveler is frequently in want of refreshment, and gladly avails himself of the water which this vegetable affords, each urn containing the measure of about half a wine glass. The use of this plant is too evident to need any comment. It is one of the many instances in nature of the bounty of Providence, who has filled the urns of the Nepenthes with a treasure, of all others the most refreshing to the inhabitants of hot climates.

Whatever is sufficiently singular to raise our admiration, frequently becomes the object of superstition: this is the case with the Nepenthes among the inhabitants of Madagascar, who believe that if they overturn one of these vessels of water, no rain will fall on that day.

MELON WINE.

How true it is that it takes everybody to know everything. Pumpkins and a variety of delicious watermelons grow spontaneously in Arabia. Perhaps they develop more richly there than in Persia, where they are extremely good.

They abound in great plenty, immensely beyond the demands of consumers and the prudent lookers ahead cut a hole through the rind, while on the vine, down into the pulp. It is then closed with wax. Under a genial sun the core soon begins to melt away till it disappears, leaving the shell nearly full of a delicious fluid which is called mellon wine. Like the drink of the gods, it is not to be compared with any other beverage on earth, say the consumers. A hint here for an experiment the coming season.

MONSTER GRAPEVINE.

A little way from Windsor Castle, the out-of-town residence of the Queen of England, and belonging to the royal domain, there is probably, if not the largest, the most prolific grapevine on the globe. In the first place, it is eighty-three years old—yet vigorous and thrifty as in youth. The trunk, large and rank, divides into two branches a few feet from the ground, which are trailed in different directions for rods. One entire glass house is given up to the protection of the veteran, which was reputed to have had fifteen thousand bunches, plump, full and inviting, when we saw it in August. In green house chronicles that vine is without a parallel. The annual yield is equal to a phalanx of ordinary vines in their best condition.

STAGNANT WATER.

The impression that still water in pools and canals where there is scarcely a movement, is extremely dangerous, and especially when covered with conferva, admits of a question. At the Hague, the capital of Holland, threaded with canals, in which no current is perceptible, they are so densely carpeted with a thick green scum, strangers turn away from them in fear, as though they were poisoning the atmosphere. But no such apprehension as being charged with mephitic gases is expressed by the inhabitants. They neither see nor imagine any sanitary disturbance from such a source. Investigation shows that the conferva is a vegetable growth actually modifying and purifying exhalations passing up through the delicate covering. So much for fact. With us a green pool near a dwelling is denounced as a nuisance requiring immediate destruction because it will generate disease. Skim off the purifying conferva, and that which excites apprehension and disease from the stagnant surface would soon work disastrous effects.

MARKETABLE FISH.

With us, fish die in the boat soon after being taken from the hook or out of a net. When the fishermen have caught a freight, then they sell the lot on arrival at the wharf. Consequently the fish have been dead several hours. Their decay is exceedingly rapid. So no one knows in buying a dinner whether they are precisely fresh or not. Ice water and ice keep up appearances long enough to sell off the day's stock.

In Chinese markets fish are swimming alive in tanks, so a consumer makes a selection. That excellent custom is beginning to be introduced in many European cities. Some attempts have been made here, but it is rather troublesome, so fishmongers continue to consult their profits rather than the stomachs of their patrons. That is natural enough, and perhaps in such a variable range of temperature as we have hereabouts, fish do not begin to decompose for a day or two, properly cared for in shambles.

Arabians on the shores of the Red Sea are proverbial fish eaters, but few of them ever see one alive. As soon as caught the fishermen kill them for fear of violating a precept of Mahomedanism, if brought alive to land. Cattle are also fed on fish all along the coast, as they are in Iceland.

On account of the phosphorus and fodine in a fish diet, the first being considered a brain strengthener, while the latter keeps down glandular enlargements, it is becoming a popular dish. No matter what the inducement may be, fish is excellent food and eminently nutricious. Those who subsist on it largely are healthy, strong, energetic and active people. What says science to that?

USE OF COFFEE WHERE IT GROWS.

That little or no coffee is consumed in those far off Eastern countries where it was first discovered, and from whence it has been diffused over the habitable globe, is one of the curiosities of history. Throughout Yeman, the original home of the plant, coffee berries are barely used at all. There is a prejudice against them as to heating.

The native name is bunn. The favorite drink is prepared from husks of the coffee bean, slightly roasted, and then pounded, or rather marked, ready for making a decoction. It has a tea taste, and rather grateful to the palate, under the term kischer.

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silk, broad cloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

A GENTLEMAN in North Carolina built a fire in his house on his wedding day, twenty-five years ago, and has kept it burning night and day ever since, and declares his intention never to permit it to die out while he lives.

JOSH BILLINGS gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if yer mustach don't grow; it sometime happens where a mustach duz the best nothing else duz so well."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - - April 4, 1873.

THE Senate has passed a bill allowing the several judges of this commonwealth half pay if they retire from the bench after being sixty years of age and having served twenty years on the bench.

A BILL has been reported favorably in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, exempting from the operation of the Local Option law of March --, 1872, "all manufacturers and vendors of ale, beer and native wines."

A CHARTER election was recently held in Greenville, Mercer county, when A. D. Gillespie, Dem., was chosen Burgess. His majority was sixty-seven votes. General Hartranft carried the borough of Greenville in October by forty-six.

AT the late election in York, Pennsylvania, the Democratic candidate for Burgess was elected by three hundred and five majority. This is an increase of one hundred and twenty-nine over the majority cast for Mr. Beckalew last fall.

THE members of the Constitutional convention have returned to their families, well advanced in wisdom. They meet again after the middle of April, to continue in session until their work is accomplished, which may not be until the dog days.

SENATOR MCCLURE has issued a new edict for the organization of a new party for the next canvass, to be known as the "People's Party." It is suggested that at the proper time a People's State Convention shall be called, solely on the issue of State and municipal regeneration, and nominate State candidates, and organize the State for the election of a Reform Legislature.

REFERING to the severe castigation Senator McClure administered to Harry White in the Senate, a few evenings ago, a correspondent of the Chambersburg Repository says: "Aleck performed a surgical operation on the gentleman—dissected him—took him apart, piece by piece. The next morning the fragments were gathered up and forwarded to the Constitutional Convention for amendment."

JAMES BROOKS, the one Democratic member of Congress who was compromised in the Credit Mobilier corruption, is said to be hopelessly ill. His indisposition dates from the time of the investigation of the wretched affair.—But not one of the ten Radicals, who were equally as guilty as BROOKS, has manifested the slightest touch of remorse. COLFAX, who sickened when he smoked a strong cigar, is hale and hearty, and goes junketing about South Bend with admiring and sympathizing friends, bearing GRANT'S certificate of good character in his pocket. But who is there to mourn for JAMES BROOKS? Not one.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S inaugural message, delivered on the 4th of March, has furnished a prolific theme for "chaff" in the London journals. The patronizing manner in which the President expresses his willingness to assist the Creator in bringing about the desirable ends which he claims the American Government is intended to accomplish, is particularly admired; and the contrast between the American republic as he represents it and the American republic as it appears in the light of the report of the Credit Mobilier Committee, and of the other disclosures of corruption which have recently been made at Washington, is dwelt upon with great gusto by the London writers.

THE Scranton Times correctly concludes that the quadrangle of radical committees which ousted Messrs. DeLacy, Koons, Kisner and Quigley from the seats in the house to which they were lawfully elected by the people of Luzerne county, must either be wrong or Judge Harding could not have been right in his recent decision of the contested election of county officers which involved exactly the same facts and questions of law which came before these committees. If the committees had contented themselves with setting aside the polls thrown out by Judge Harding and with rejecting the votes which the judge rejected, they would have been obliged to declare the democratic representatives from Luzerne entitled to the seats. Either the radical Judge Harding has erred or the radical committees of the house have committed a wrong. The radicals of Luzerne county will please decide which horn of the dilemma they will take.

BEN BUTLER, who was chief engineer of the bill that enabled Grant to pocket an additional $25,000 per annum, and allowed each Congressman to thrust his hand into the treasury of the nation and take therefrom $5,000 extra pay, announced that he intended to quiet all the clamor of the newspapers by addressing a letter to the people of the United States. It is well known, says the Lancaster Intelligencer, that Butler has successfully defended many thieves in the criminal courts, and there was much anxiety to learn what excuse he could render for the action of the President and members of Congress. It is now announced that Butler will delay the delivery of the argument in defence of himself and his companions in iniquity until the popular feeling subsides. Bold as Ben is, he does not care to face the storm of popular indignation which has been aroused. There was a time in this country when the people did not forget to inflict proper punishment upon a Congress which had been guilty of a similar act. Scarcely one of those who voted for or took the extra pay was returned. It remains to be seen whether we have lost the virtue which existed among us a few years ago.

THE Philadelphia PRESS, having recently charged that U. S. Senator John Scott had accepted his share of the salary steal, takes occasion to retract that statement in a subsequent issue, wherein it is declared that Mr. Scott "voted against the new salary bill and has not received the money." Which fact is all very well so far as it goes, but, as the Harrisburg PATRIOT remarks, if he "has not received the money," it stands to his credit on the books of the financial officer of the Senate. What will he do with it? Another question: Will Senator Scott refuse to receive more than $5,000 salary per annum during the remainder of his term? If he intends to take the increased salary in future, he gives the same endorsement of the justice and propriety of the increase as if he had received the full salary voted him by Congress for the last two years. For it will not be denied that if members of the Forty-third Congress are entitled to $7,500 per annum, those of the last Congress were equally entitled to it.

EVER since Grant's re-election to the Presidency the National debt has been constantly increasing. The Treasury officials have been ready with excuses, of course, such as they were, but the people are beginning to look the matter squarely in the face, and to ask why the old time reported decrease is not kept up? That much if not all of this decrease was a fraud and a blind, is now quite apparent. We all remember, says the Philad'a Evening Herald, during the lively times of last year, when the Groton codfish and calico merchant was issuing greenbacks from the Treasury to the tune of $4,000,000 at a pop, "to move the crop," and carry the Pennsylvania October election, we used to have monthly reports about the public debt which were really splendid. The way that debt was reduced, all the way through the year, was a bewildering and delightful surprise—to the spoonies.—Even the London editors were astonished at the wonderfully elastic powers and fathomless resources of the Republic. This sort of thing has all passed away now, and the terrible truth is coming out in little grains every month.

THE constituents of General Garfield, in Trumbull county, Ohio, held a meeting, last week, at which resolutions were adopted calling on Garfield to resign his seat in Congress, because of having voted for the salary increase. He replied, explaining that he so voted because having the appropriation bill in charge, and the salary amendment having been tacked on, he was compelled to vote for it, or go against his own bill. Senator Morrill, of Maine, justifies himself by a similar reason. As this will, no doubt, be the popular reply of Congressmen, when questioned on this subject, we will take occasion to say that the reason alleged is as great a swindle as the salary job. No one knows better than they that it could have been kept off from the appropriation bill had they so desired.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

And have you no word for the President who endorsed the "salary job" by signing the bill. Are his skirts clear of the "great swindle"?—POST.

OAKES AMES must have "struck easy" when he fell in public esteem, or he would not have been able to say as witty a thing as the correspondent of the Cincinnatti Gazette credits him with. The following is the story as the correspondent tells it:

"After voting for the previous question (on the Appropriation Bill, which contained the back salary amendment), Mr. Niblack said, as he passed him, just after voting yes, 'So, Ames, you go for the increase?' 'Yes, answered Mr. Ames, 'it don't hurt me, you know. I have nothing to lose now; but, confidentially, this is a bigger steal than Credit Mobilier.' 'How so?' asked Mr. Niblack. 'Well, the men who had that did pay a little something for it, but this is *all steal.*'"

THE WORLD is of the opinion that Mr. GRANT has failed to write two letters confidently expected of him.—He has not complimented Senator CLAYTON on his escape from investigation by the skin of his teeth, neither has Senator CALDWELL been assured over the Executive sign-manual that he carries with him into his retirement the Presidential sympathy and perfect trust. Perhaps the COLFAX letter rather exhausted that vein.

The Early Days of Texas.

HER NOMADIC TRIBES, SPANISH CHRISTIAN TEACHERS, ANGLO-AMERICAN HEROES, AND CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The history of the discovery and occupation of Texas is one of absorbing interest. She was the theatre of a drama worthy of the pen of a Macauley to write. Among the many interesting events in her history, none are so peculiarly interesting as the building of the Spanish Missions, the massive walls and gray towers which still stand to perpetuate the name and industry of a mighty past race. The ruins of these cathedrals and churches that yet dot the emerald slopes and lovely banks of the truly picturesque San Antonio river, are mighty monuments pointing back to the discovery and occupation of Texas by adventurous and conquering French and Spaniards. There are thousands of thrilling incidents in the history of this great Empire State of the Southwest which the pen of many a writer would encircle with a halo of glory and romance. How intensely interesting, if portrayed by a Macauley or an Irving, would be the incidents in the efforts of the Latin races to plant civilization among the nomadic, barbarous tribes that once inhabited that terrestial paradise; and most especially startling and impressive would be the history written by such authors of the events enacted by the noble Anglo-American heroes in the drama of '36—gallant spirits who subjugated Mexican anarchy and tyranny and planted the Lone Star Banner, and caused it to wave over the magnificent bays, lakes and rivers, the noble mountains, luxuriant prairies, smiling valleys, romantic forests and fertile fields of Texas.

Lasalle, a French explorer, was the first to land in Texas, in 1680, and the first attempt at a Spanish settlement was made by DeLeon in 1699 near the mouth of the Lavacca river. San Antonio, the oldest town in the State, was founded in 1692. San Antonio, or Bexar, as it is called by the Mexican portion of its citizens, is not only the oldest, but is the most interesting town in Texas. The most interesting objects in the city are the old Cathedral, the church of San Antonio, and the Alamo, the latter being made memorable in the history of Texan Independence as the spot where the heroic Bowie, the brave and eccentric Crockett, and many other noble and gallant spirits, breathed their last. The fall and slaughter of the Alamo, and the treacherous massacre at Goliad, were the most disheartening events that occurred during the whole of that sanguinary struggle. These disasters spread dismay throughout the land by filling the minds of the people with approaching destruction and dissolution, and it was not until the hour of revenge came at San Jacinto, that the cherished feeling of vindictiveness with which the Texans had been excited to almost frenzy was soothed. The victory of San Jacinto had the effect of softening the stern asperities of the fearful struggle.

The old cathedral, the church of San Antonio, upon whose frowning top sentinels were stationed during the many sieges the city stood in early years, still stands, presenting a very antiquated appearance. Upon the grounds in front of the old church, immediately facing the main plaza, is now erected a new church edifice of more modern style—one of the handsomest churches in the Union—a credit to its worshippers and an acquisition to the city. But the most interesting feature in the history of San Antonio and the San Antonio valley is that of the Catholic Missions. The most memorable of these *missions* is San Antonio de Valero, better known as the Alamo. We are indebted to the Rev. Father Johnston, of the St. Mary's church of San Antonio, for a history of this venerable and ever memorable mission. It was first founded in 1703, on the banks of the Rio Grande, under the invocation of St. Francis Solano, but was removed in 1718 to the banks of San Antonio river by order of the Marquis de Valero, Viceroy of New Spain. Upon the removal of the Alamo to San Antonio it was called after the Marquis de Valero. This church was for the use of the Spanish and Creole population of San Antonio.

After the building of the mission of the Alamo followed the building of the missions of Concepcion, San Jose, San Juan and La Aspada. The missionaries, for the purpose of affording protection, established these missions at different points on the river. About two miles below the city, on the left bank of the river, stands the Mission of Concepcion; on the right bank, two miles farther down, is the Mission of San Jose; on the left bank, two miles below, is the Mission of San Juan, and two miles below it, on the right bank, is that of La Aspada.

The object of these missions was the conversion and promulgation of Christianity among the Indians. In the labor of converting the savages and the building of the missions many important incidents occurred which would be of deep interest were there time and space to relate them. The pious Fathers had to commence to teach the savage red man a more acceptable way than his own of worshipping the Great Spirit, as it were, with a bible in one hand and a dagger in the other. At the commencement of their labors to instruct the wild children of nature, the missionaries were forced to be stern, but seldom indulged in severity or cruelty. In their mode of exciting these wild children to do well, or in their punishment of them for doing evil, the treatment to both old and young was mild and parental like. Those who were most proficient in learning their catechism were best rewarded, and their punishment for any moral or religious delinquency was most mild and merciful. At these missions there was a regular government, with magistrates and other officers, but in these little communities, thefts and other crimes were unknown, and bolts and bars were unnecessary.

These ancient churches and fortresses are most substantially built. The walls are of immense thickness, and the style of architecture more pleasing to the eye than is much of that of the present age. The churches and dwellings for the missionaries and converts are surrounded by an immense wall. The fronts of some of the churches exhibit the finest wood and stone cutting to be found in the new world, and it is said not to be excelled by any in the old world. The work on the massive doors and windows of Concepcion and San Jose is of the very finest character. Upon them is seen a superior order of both carving and sculpture work, in the most elaborate designs of apostles, angels, flowers, etc. In all of these ruined missions Mexican families are now making their homes and using the different departments as kitchens, dining rooms, sleeping apartments, store rooms, graneries, stables, and all other purposes. In the rear, and connected with the Mission of San Jose, is a long range of rooms of massive structure, designed for the missionaries, which part of this Mission was, shortly before the late "unpleasantness," taken by the St. Vincent Brothers, of Pennsylvania, who did a large amount of work in repairing and fitting it up for a school. During the war, however, they were driven off, and have up to this time abandoned the work.

Of all these imposing mission edifices, but one, that of Concepcion, is now used for the purpose they were designed by their pious founders. These magnificent and venerable piles are now, with the canals that conducted water to them from the head of the river, with the ditches which everywhere led water from them for the use of the missions and to irrigate the mission lands, in ruins, presenting a sad and melancholy appearance. But it is to be hoped that, although they now present a solemn grandeur, the day will come when their altars will again be surrounded with worshippers and their vestal fires shedding once more their mild and radient light.

To gaze upon these magnificent ruins, where two centuries ago was first planted the standrd of the cross, these cemetaries of the dead, where sleep in promiscuous confusion the Spanish Christian and Indian savage, excites emotions which can only be imagined, for they cannot be described. In viewing these grand monuments of bygone days, and reflecting on the progress of events since that time, it presents the question, which was the most virtuous age, that of the perion of these missions, when the country was inhabited by numerous tribes of savages, in utter ignorance of the arts and sciences and of religion, or the present age, which is distinguished for its fine morals and mental culture, as well as for its advancement in the arts, sciences and Christianity? If the natives at that time were ignorant of all the accomplishments and virtues above classified, they were also happily exempt from the vices which at the present day corrode and canker what is called civilized life.

Ever revered be the memories of the noble Latin races who subdued nomadic tribes and uncultivated wilds, and planted civilization where barbarism had long reigned; and ever be commemorated the noble martyred Anglo-Americans who first unfurled the Lone Star Flag of independence on Texan soil, and who, in the fierce conflict to free themselves from Mexican bondage, died that liberty might live. *

Denison--Mexico.

Last week we carried our readers over a *bona fide* constructed railway from this place to the city of Denison, and this week we will convey them on an imaginary railway from Denison to the city of Mexico.

From Denison, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad will continue on through Texas *via* Waco and Austin, to Camargo, on the west bank of the Rio Grande, and thence in a general direction due south, *via* Monterey, Saltillo, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, and Queretaro, to the city of Mexico. The proposed extension through Texas and Mexico to the capital of the Aztecs will amount to upwards of one thousand miles more. The Mexican portion of this road is of course only a conception as yet, but will in time be a reality. A railroad between these two points will one day be built, passing through a country the area of which will make five States as large as Pennsylvania, possessing the richest soil and minerals, and ultimately require for its full development 20,000 miles more of railway.

It is not a mere dream of fancy, the continuation of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico. Its realization may occur sooner than the most far-seeing can anticipate. Although there are as yet no exact knowledge of the topography of the country along the contemplated route, nor surveys and estimates of the cost of building, yet the project is feasible and practicable. From the valley of the Rio Grande, at Camargo, there can be a road built at a reasonable grade to ascend to the city of Mexico, running through the wealthiest, most populous and productive portion of the country. Passing through the heart of the oldest, richest and most civilized portion of Mexico, it will become one of the most important roads on the continent. Brilliant as is the present of the M., K. and T. road, the completion of the contemplated extension from the Rio Grande river to the city of Mexico will make its future still more brilliant. *

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—TOTAL LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC—SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS PERISH.—A cable dispatch from Halifax, N. S., dated April 1st, says: The steamship Atlantic, of the White Star Line, from Liverpool, March 20th, for New York, running short of coal, made for Halifax. When about twenty miles from port off Cape Prospect, at 2:30 o'clock this morning, she ran ashore on Meagher's Head. She had on board over 1,000 men, women and children. Only 250 succeeded in landing. The remainder, including all the women and children, were lost. The captain and third officer were saved. The first officer was drowned.

On the first receipt of the news of the disaster, a Cunard and a Government steamer started to the assistance of the Atlantic, but the third officer, who arrived here at 2:30 p. m. this afternoon, says that the vessel and cargo are a total loss.

ANOTHER outrage has been perpetrated by the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Four legally elected Democratic members from Luzerne county have been ousted to make room for four Republican contestants. Luzerne county has always been Democratic by a considerable majority, but one Republican ever having been elected to the Legislature from there, and that was owing to a local feud. Last fall the Democratic members were elected by about the usual majority of 1,300.

It will be remembered that it was in Luzerne county that the United States Assessor, the Collector of Internal Revenue, the Chairman of the Republican County Committee, and L. D. Shoemaker, the Republican member of Congress, were arrested last fall upon a charge of bribing voters, but having complete control of the courts they managed to hush the matter up. They, however, determined to have revenge by unseating the Democratic members of the Legislature who were active in exposing them, and they have succeeded by means of a partisan Legislature, notwithstanding that the bulk of the frauds were proved to have been on their side.

By the rules of the Pennsylvania Legislature, separate committees are appointed to hear the evidence and arguments in each contested election case, and the decision of each of these committees is final. In the present instance the committees were all packed with members from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, upon the principle that it takes a thief to catch a thief. Of course no other decision than the one rendered was to be expected from such men as Joe Ash, Jack McCulloch, and Bob Tittermary, the leading guttersnipes of Philadelphia. —*N. Y. Sun.*

DEATH FROM SMOKING.—The New York correspondent to the Buffalo *Courier* reports a sad case of death resulting from smoking. He says that for thirty years the victim had been a heavy smoker of the choicest cigars, but in all his other habits temperate and regular, and of excellent constitution—one who, of all men, would have laughed at the suggestion that tobacco was killing him. On Sunday he was stricken with progressive paralysis characteristic of nicotine, and on the next Sunday night he died. His death was most pitiful. First, sight was lost, then speech, then motion of the neck, then motion of the arms, and so on throughout the body, and he lay for a fortnight unable to move or made a sign, save a pitiful tongueless, inarticulate sound, which sometimes almost rose to frantic effort, all in vain, to make known what he wished to say to his family or friends—for his consciousness and mental faculties were left unimpaired til within two hours of the last, to aggravate to the utmost the horror of his situation—a living soul in a dead body. The sense of hearing was left unimpaired, so that he was conscious of all around him, while as incapable of communicating with them as if dead, save by a slight sign of assent or dissent to the question. The doctors were fully agreed that tobacco was the cause of his death.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIMENT.—The Chicago Times publishes a long and circumstantial statement of an extraordinary experiment alleged to have been made by an ex-surgeon of the Prussian army, named Lewis Schultz, now residing in that city, by which he has demonstrated the ability not only of his dog, but his infant son, to live and move under water with as little apparent inconvenience as experienced by amphibia. The waiter asserts that he has himself seen the boy, now scarcely six months old, enter a large bath tub filled up especially for the purpose, and diving to the bottom remain there for several minutes, picking up bits of candy thrown into the water by the father. The dog appears from the account given to be scarcely the equal of the child in his amphibious acquirements, notwithstanding that Schultz with commendable consideration began his experiments with the canine. This may, however, have been due to the accidental priority of birth of the latter. The mother of the boy, it is stated, is not at all pleased with the experiment upon her offspring, and expresses a desire that the authorities should put a stop to it.

PANIC IN A CHURCH—FOURTEEN PERSONS INJURED.—While the funeral obsequies of Rev. Father Macklin were in progress at St. John's church, Trenton, N. J., on Monday morning last, a cracking noise created the impression that the gallery was giving way, and there immediately ensued a fearful panic. In the rush for the exit, women and children were trampled beneath the crowd, which became immovably wedged about the doors for about ten minutes; meanwhile the women and children were being pulled out by the stalwart men. Many presented a shocking sight. An excitement was created in the street, ladders were raised to the church windows, and the people thereby taken out. Many of the clergy, of whom there were some twenty in the church, jumped out of the windows and went to the front door and announced the safety of the building, but without avail. Soon, however the fears subsided, and service was resumed. The cracking noise had emanated from kneeling on a board. Some fourteen were wounded more or less seriously, but none died.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company in giving notice of their proposed additional stock distribution authorized by the late meeting of stockholders, says that each shareholder will have the privilege of subscribing at par to the stock in the proportion of thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the number of shares registered in their names April 1, 1873. Those entitled to a fraction of a share can subscribe for a full share. All subscriptions must be made between May 1st and May 24th, 1873, and no subscription will be received after the latter date. The first instalment of 50 per cent. to be made between May 1st and 24th, 1873, and the remaining 50 per cent. on sixty days' notice, in instalments not exceeding 25 per cent. at any one time.—The privilege of taking new stock may be sold by any shareholder, and new stock can be paid for in full at the time of subscription, if desired.

THERE was an officer who went through nearly all the battles of the Mexican war without a scratch, and was killed by the kick of a mule on his journey homeward before he reached the circle of admiring friends who were preparing to give him an ovation. His name was not Garfield, but there is a General of that name whose experience has been somewhat similar. After storming the heights of Credit Mobilier, and breasting the deadly contents of Oakes Ames' memorandum-book, to be killed by the $2,500 salary-grab is worse than being kicked to death by a jackass. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—The wife of a farmer named Allison, living in Lamar township, Clinton county, took sick in harvest, eight years ago, and has never left her bed since except for a few minutes at a time. She appears to have no well-defined disease, takes her meals regularly in bed and eats heartily. She talks rationally and appears to be interested as usual about all matters pertaining to the farm. A number of prominent physicians, who have examined her, can find nothing but an abnormal desire to lie in bed.

News and Political Items.

—Alabama corn is up.

—A. H. Stephens, one of the heavy men of the next Congress, weighs 91.

—A deed twenty-seven feet in length has been filed in the office of the Recorder of Berks county, Pa.

—Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, wife of the founder of the *Herald*, died in Saxony, Europe, on Monday.

—A marriage took place in Butler county last week and the following morning the bridegroom was found dead in bed.

—The same man has swept the sidewalk in front of the White House for twenty-seven years without raising his salary.

—Pennsylvania's coal mines represent more than one-half of the capital invested in the coal business in the United States.

—Gen. Geo. W. Cass has been elected President of the Northern Pacific railroad. He ought to be Governor of Pennsylvania.

—Sunbury has a boy thirteen years of age who has constructed a stationary engine, said to be a masterpiece of workmanship.

—The next House at Washington will contain four Smiths, four Wilsons, three Williamses, three Clarks, and three Harrises.

—Dan Rice will do the clowning for Spalding & Ryan's circus the coming season. This is the veteran Daniel's sixteenth farewell tour.

—The Illinois Legislature is considering a bill providing that all persons convicted of whipping their wives shall be themselves whipped in public.

—John Stamp, who murdered Alpheus Glover in Fayette county last July, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung.

—A little girl was killed in New Hampshire a year ago by a kick from a horse which had been frightened by a dog, and her father has just recovered $1,450 damages from the owner of the dog.

—The Fairbanks, scale manufacturers, borrowed five dollars to make their first scale, and are now worth $5,000,000. Go and borrow five dollars, young man!

—Richard Jenkins, an old and wealthy citizen of Carbondale, is among the mysteriously disappeared. It is supposed that he was foully dealt with for his money.

—The New Castle *Journal* says: "Reports come to us from all sections of the county that the peach and cherry fruit buds were all killed during the past winter.

—Chas. M. Barras, the author of the "Black Crook," jumped from an express train at Hartford, Conn., Monday night, and was frightfully injured. He died early next morning.

—Meadville has an octogenarian who hasn't tasted water for sixty years, and yet he is in the saloon business. He voted for "local option," as he was anxious to know how water tasted.

—Wisconsin has a forlorn damsel, plaintiff in a breach of promise case, who writes in one of her letters, produced at the trial, that she has "shed tears enough over it to run a small sized grist-mill."

—An Allentown man has an Arabian horse which is a living museum. On the left side of his neck is a perfectly-formed Z, on the left hip a dog's head, and on the right side a well-formed swan.

—One Jean Manau is on trial at Bordeaux, France, charged with the murder of his father-in-law, mother-in-law, wife, and his two daughters. One of his sons has given evidence against him.

—Two young ladies in a Minnesota town volunteered to nurse the family of a neighbor during an attack of a contagious disease, and both were taken ill, died, and were buried in a common grave.

—Senator John Scott of this State voted against the extra compensation and did not take the money. Senator Cameron voted for it, and immediately pocketed the extra, although he is worth millions and Scott is comparatively poor.

—The Valparaiso (Ind.) *Messenger* has ascertained that it will take 30,000 bushels of oats, at current prices, to pay the annual salary of one Congressman; and that it would require the labor of 15 men and 15 teams to raise such a crop.

—The Alpena (Mich.) Pioneer says: "There is in this city a child aged six months whose grand-parents, named Germac, are not quite 31 years old. We have this from the parents themselves, and we defy this state or the next to beat it."

—The juror who hunted up a litigant and deliberately proposed to secure him a verdict for $100 in money has been found in Indiana, and it is asserted that there is no law to punish such an outrageous offense. The offender is reported to be a well-to-do farmer and worth $50,000.

—The great tornado, that passed over the town of Canton, Mississippi, proves to have been much worse than at first reported.—Dwellings were lifted from their foundations and utterly wrecked, and a large amount of property entirely destroyed.—The loss will prove to be very heavy.

—Two men fell into the railroad cut a short distance above Troy, in Clarion county, on Saturday night week. They were found on Sunday morning. One was found dead, and the other so badly injured that his life is despaired of. The cut is between fifty and sixty feet deep where they fell in, and the bottom is solid rock.

—Two years since a girl 11 years of age was sent to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, in England, on account of a spinal disorder. She was dismissed shortly after as incurable, and returned home, where she fell into a state of insensibility. Since then she has had no nourishment, and the only signs of life about her have been breathing and pulsation.

—Dayton, Ohio, keeps a weather prophet, and he predicts that there will be no settled warm weather this year until June. He says also that between now and then there will be four more snows. The milliners and drapers of Dayton who have brought out the spring styles propose to hold an indignation meeting, and ask Phillips, the prophet, to leave the town.

—The Dresden (Tenn.) Democrat tells a story of a Weakley county man who stole $500 from his mother-in-law and brother-in-law, was found out, executed his note for the amount, and carried his secret four years. The other day he confessed it to his wife, and she immediately drove him from his home and children. The last seen of him he took the cars for Arkansas.

—Bell, the colored man who ran for constable in the Third ward, says the Chambersburg *Valley Spirit*, was defeated, tho' the ward is strongly Republican. The men who profess to be such great friends of the colored race voted against him. It's all right when they want the colored vote, but when the colored man wants some small office it is all wrong, and they vote him down.

—Mr. Thomas Ellis, a machinist in the employ of Snyder Bros., of Williamsport, has tamed a rat so that it will climb up on his knee and eat out of his hand. The attention of his ratship, which Mr. Ellis calls "Billy," was first attracted by the crumbs that were dropped on the floor by those eating their dinners in the shop, and he gradually became tame, until he is now a very gentlemanly rat.

—The manufacture of rails by a new system which does away with manual labor to a great extent, is to be carried on in a rail mill which is now being erected at Louisville, Ky., at a cost of $500,000. In the process of making the rail, the iron passes through thirteen sets of rolls, without a halt, and is turned over five times for side rolling. The iron is taken from the heating furnace, and transformed into a rail in half a minute.

—Nine hogs, the property of [illegible], of Juniata county, weighed, the early part of last [illegible] days ago they were [illegible] where they had probably been the entire winter. [illegible] were conveyed to the [illegible] They weighed twenty [illegible] hundred in November. [illegible] tenacious of life as a Radical [illegible] of office.

—John Thompson, [illegible] State of Maryland, died [illegible] day evening, at [illegible] Judge Mason had [illegible] a case in court during the [illegible] usual health, and was [illegible] with paralysis at the [illegible] been a member of [illegible] Court of Appeals of [illegible] tor of the part of [illegible] of the most prominent [illegible]

CONSUMPTIVES. [illegible] and wider Dr. [illegible] known, the more highly [illegible] appreciated. [illegible] disease, and with [illegible] ing the heavy [illegible] been restored to [illegible] virtues, will speak [illegible] favor, and herald [illegible] there is sickness [illegible] be restored. We [illegible] dence attesting its [illegible] of a private nature, [illegible] manner disclose, [illegible] number of published [illegible] made by Dr. Keyser's [illegible] combined with other [illegible] by the Lung Cure alone, [illegible] entitle it to full [illegible] flicted with any pulmonary [illegible] interested in their [illegible]

Dr. Keyser's [illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa. A pamphlet [illegible] count sent free.

THE APOSTLE OF THE [illegible]
JUST PUBLISHED.
THE LIFE OF REV. D[illegible]
PRINCE OF [illegible]
BY SARAH M. [illegible]
With an Introduction [illegible] M.D., and a fine Portrait [illegible] receipt of price. Please [illegible]
[3-28.-2m.] 89 FIFTH AVENUE, [illegible]

CAUTION.—All [illegible] cautioned against [illegible] with the following [illegible] by us from Wm. [illegible] and left with [illegible] mares, 2 cows, [illegible] horse wagon, 1 [illegible] chine, 1 cutting [illegible] straw, 3 bobsleds and [illegible] board, 1 Illess sowing [illegible] barrow, 1 harrow, [illegible] windmill, 1 cook stove, [illegible] lot of horse gears.
March 21, 1873. 3t.*

ORPHANS' COURT [illegible] virtue of an [illegible] Court of Cambria county, [illegible] to public sale, at the house of [illegible] in the borough of Loretto, on the 12th day of April next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, late of Patrick Gallagher, deceased, viz: ONE PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Bernard and [illegible] ery Little, and others, containing 129 PERCHES, about 40 Acres [illegible] cleared, thereon erected a [illegible] TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, secured by the Judgment bond of the purchaser.
March 21, 1873.-3t.

C. C. K. ZAH[illegible]
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS
NOTIONS, GROCE[illegible]
HARDWARE, QUEENSWA[illegible]
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS A[illegible]
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.
WOOL AND COUNTRY [illegible]
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Fa[illegible]
Ebensburg, Pa.

STORE GOODS at PRIVA[illegible]
And Store House [illegible]
THE subscribers offer at [illegible] entire stock of merchandise, their Store House, &c., in [illegible] Said property is at St. Law[illegible] Ebensburg, Pa. Said stock has been [illegible] health of the senior partner, [illegible] for wishing to sell. No [illegible] country for a country store [illegible] by the first day of April next. [illegible] good man to sell goods [illegible] speak German and [illegible] None other need apply. [illegible] given to a good man. Apply [illegible] & SON, at Glen Hope, [illegible] WM.
St. Lawrence, Feb. 14, 1873.
NOTICE.—We have [illegible] business for us in Cambria [illegible]

STILL UP AND [illegible]
CABINET MAKING AND [illegible]
Thankful for past [illegible] ber desires to inform [illegible] and vicinity that he [illegible] ness above named in [illegible] street, nearly opposite [illegible] Substantially made Furniture [illegible] at lowest figures. Coffins [illegible] or finish furnished on [illegible] als attended to promptly [illegible]
Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.

F. P. TIERNEY [illegible]
LAW AND COLLECTION [illegible]
TIERNEY & [illegible]
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg.
Special attention paid to [illegible] all parts of the United States.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS.
Gold, Silver, [illegible] other Securities, bought and sold. [illegible] lowed on Time Deposits. [illegible] all accessible points in the [illegible] general Banking business [illegible]
J. GALLITZIN [illegible]

Attorney-at-L[illegible]
Ebensburg, Cambria Co.

F. A. SHOEMAKER. [illegible]
SHOEMAKER & SEC[illegible]
Attorneys-at-Law.
[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA [illegible]

GEO. M. READE, [illegible]
Ebensburg, Pa. Office in [illegible] recently erected on Centre street, [illegible] from High street.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT [illegible]
ensburg, Pa. Office in [illegible] J. Lloyd's new building. [illegible] manner of legal business [illegible] torily, and collections a specialty.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, [illegible]
at-Law, Johnstown, Pa. [illegible] Exchange building, up-stairs, [illegible] ton and Locust streets. Will attend to [illegible] ness connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY [illegible]
Johnstown, Pa. Office in [illegible] west corner of Main and Locust [illegible] stairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Friday, - - - - - April 4, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

FATHER GALLITZIN.—We have arrangements which will enable us the present month to furnish Rev. Dr. Brownson's "Life of Rev. D. Gallitzin, the Apostle of the Alleghanies," and the *Freeman* for one year to subscribers for $3.50—the price of the book alone being $2.50. All who have not yet got the book for the present volume can do so by sending in this offer and those who accept this offer will be furnished with the book as soon as the receipt of the difference. Two new subscribers, or an old and new subscriber, will be furnished with the book and paper at the rate of $3.25 each. Bear in mind that this holds good for CASH only, so far as we now know.

Where and the Other Place.

How do you like your new home?

Interesting scenes have been presented in this week.

Court next time, commencing the last Monday in May. So it reads.

It is hard to know where MacShane ends and the joke was very apparent this morning last.

Thompson, of Bell township, Somerset county, mourns the loss of his barn and most of its contents. Destroyed by fire.

The establishment in Lewistown, Mifflin county, was entered by burglars on night last, and robbed of about $2,000.

Mr. Merrell has donated a lot to the East Conemaugh borough to the Methodist congregation of that place, on which a church is to be erected.

The exchange says that a member of the Democratic Convention is trying to get a bill making the killing of a book peddler or life insurance agent a felony.

The Johnstown train went out first rate on Monday, but didn't get back worth a cent. The Quartz says the snow on that occasion were the biggest that ever shoveled.

The month of March, 1873, which recently passed away, will long be remembered as a stormy month. It came in like a lion and was no more lamblike when it came out than when it came in.

The mortgage of the Hollidaysburg Standard, from Mr. Holland, of Altoona, has recently been borrowed some seventeen hundred dollars from the store of William Kemp, the executor of that gentleman. The security for said loan was asked and given.

A circular from John Wilkie, President of the Northumberland Boom Company, notifies the owners of the boom having charge of said boom and all men are notified to keep their logs and timber off the Lewisburg shore, if they wish to avoid having them taken up by the company.

A bill relating to this county, one to regulate the practice of medicine in Cambria, another to authorize the Burgess and Council of Ebensburg to sell real estate, were before the Legislature this week, with a strong probability that they will be through without opposition. Mr. Fitzharris, the new landlord of the Mansion House in this place, is certainly putting things to right, and we have that popular hostelry in operation under the new dispensation. Mr. F. is the right man in the right place, and we hope to see him prosper.

A large tract of valuable coal land in Cambria township, Blair county, containing 400 acres and known as the Lake Burr property, was, on Monday last, sold by Samuel Lear, guardian of Lake Burris, to S. M. Woodcock, Esq., of Altoona, for the sum of $8,500. Good speculation, Samuel.

Report has it that the wife of W. H. Sneed, local editor of the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, has a well defined interest in a baby of late pile. We hope Bro. Sneed, when he gets to figuring the matter up, will consider it his duty to present the Ebensburg *Freeman* with a first class "print paper" article in all its appointments.

In granting licenses at the Argument Court last week, Judge Dean took occasion to say that in any case where it became known to the court, through indictment or otherwise, that the law had been violated by the holder of a license of the party so offending should be promptly cancelled and the party punished as the law directs.

The Cherokee county mother learned of the elopement of her fourteen year old daughter, the night appointed for the flight with her fond lover, by the girl's sister falling asleep and did not wake up in time the next morning, and in the meantime the lover got tired waiting and went home to bed. He goes with another girl now.

We sincere sorrow we chronicle the death of Mrs. Annie Murphy, the estimable and much respected young friend of Mr. Murphy, of Altoona, which sad event occurred a few days since. The deceased was a most amiable lady and true friend, and her early death has once more emphasized the uncertainty of human affairs. May she rest in peace.

There is no Bourbon among us that we know of, but we have in our midst, if not literally, one of the direct heirs to an immense Chase fortune recently left by some England to this country, to the fabulous sum of $160,000,000. The name of the lucky heir is Chase, is the lucky man. We hope his slice—when he gets it—will be less than $100,000.

There is a band of swindlers are operating in this country, and we would warn our readers to keep clear of them. Do not subscribe for or pay to any paper without first understanding its contents. If any one wants to sell you, for a trifling consideration or patent for making your own soap, or furnish you goods at less than cost, keep him from your premises if you can.

A man named Ewing, agent for McCracken manufactory, of Pittsburg, we learn from the Johnstown papers, attempted to get on the mail train while it was at Ling's station, on Saturday last, but the train was in motion. Missing his footing he was struck by the car and knocked down the embankment into the creek. One of his legs was broken above the ankle and he was otherwise badly bruised.

Typhoid fever, or more properly speaking what was known a number of years ago as black measles, is said to be prevailing to an alarming extent in some parts of the county. Several deaths have already occurred, among the more recent of which we note a child of Mr. Jerry Ivory, of Allegheny township, and also a child of D. Wagner, of Chest Springs.—The disease, it is alleged, kills within forty-eight hours, unless checked in the meantime.

We learn from the Hollidaysburg *Standard*: That the membership of St. Patrick's Catholic church propose to inaugurate within a few weeks, some handsome improvements, among which may be noted the addition of bells. When placed in the tower beside the melodious bell now there the lovers of "the chimes" will, no doubt, be treated to some fine music. We congratulate our Catholic friends upon this very desirable addition to the attractions of our town.

—One mile south of Saxton, on the Broad Top Railroad, on Saturday morning last, a car of an accommodation train, containing fifteen passengers, ran off the track and was precipitated down an embankment, a distance of thirty feet. The car turned over three times in its descent, but, strange to say, none of the passengers on board were dangerously injured. There was only one lady among the number, and she was but slightly hurt.

—Last fall a man named Ireson, living near Philipsburg, poorly off in this world's goods, appropriated a stove and some clothing from a house which had been occupied by a couple of small-pox patients. He took the small-pox and so did his family. Ireson, his wife and an infant child died, in poverty, filth and neglect. Three children survived, and were kindly provided for by the good people of Philipsburg, who, so soon as they learned the facts in the case, furnished needed aid.

—The Gallitzin Hotel, at Gallitzin, Cambria county, will be hereafter under the control of one of Blair county's most popular hotelists, viz: M. Fitzharris recently of the Roaring Spring Hotel. We can cordially commend Mr. Fitzharris to the patronage of the people of Blair and Cambria counties, and to all whom business or pleasure may lead to Gallitzin. Let a liberal patronage be awarded. So says the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, the editor whereof has a head about as level as they make 'em.

—Although we never felt better in our life, we are none the less pleased to welcome to our midst Dr. J. J. Oatman, late of Carrolltown, whose card will be found elsewhere. The doctor is one of the most proficient physicians any community was ever blessed with, and we are sure he will do his "level best" for suffering humanity whenever called on. His late partner, Dr. M. J. Buck, is now playing it alone in Carrolltown, and few young men in the medical profession can give a better account of the faith that is in him. See his card.

—A running race with horses from Harry Marlett's hotel, in St. Augustine, to Ex-Sheriff Blair's hotel, in this place, and return, a distance of thirty-two full miles, was participated in a few days ago by Messrs. Augustine Nagle and Ed. Mann, of the former place, the prize contended for being a purse of one hundred dollars, made up equally by the two contestants. Nagle's horse made the distance in five hours and fifteen minutes, his rival coming in twenty-five minutes later. Mr. Nagle of course pocketed the prize.

—If there is any voter in Cambria county, and we have no doubt there is, who has not yet heard that we are an aspirant for nomination for the office of county treasurer, subject to Democratic rules, we hope our friends, if we have any, will enlighten him on that subject. If the Declaration of Independence knows anything about it, all men are created free and equal, and we have just as much right to be nominated—or defeated—in the county convention as any other man. Therefore we announce ourself as perfectly willing to serve the "dear people" and make all we can honestly out of the office, provided we are nominated and elected. Failing in that, we shall be no worse off nor any less a democrat than we are at present writing.

SAD AND SUDDEN BEREAVEMENT.—We record with sincere regret the almost simultaneous deaths of two daughters of our friend and patron, Mr. Charles Flick, of Allegheny township—Ella and Rose Flick, aged respectively about 16 and 14 years. Both these young ladies were in their usual good health up to Saturday evening last, when they were suddenly prostrated by disease, and on Monday evening following both of them died—the eldest at 5 o'clock and the youngest some three hours after.—From the time they were first attacked until death mercifully closed the scene they literally raved with the excruciating pain, the brain being evidently the seat of the disease. They were both estimable young ladies and obedient daughters, and it may well be conceived that their unlooked for deaths so closely interwoven, have brought deep affliction upon their doubly bereaved family and friends. Spotted fever is prevailing in that neighborhood, and although we do not know that that was the cause of their deaths, it is fair to presume that such was the fact. The double funeral took place on Wednesday, both bodies being interred in one grave in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto. May they rest in peace.

WELL MERITED PROMOTION.—We can heartily endorse the following highly complimentary notice of our young friend and patron, Will. J. Bradley, of Altoona, which we find in Tuesday's issue of the Johnstown *Voice*. The Pa. R. R. Co., is never backward in appreciating and rewarding true merit, and in this case we are sure it has hit the nail fair on the head:

"It is with more than ordinary pleasure we note the promotion of our estimable young friend, Wm. J. Bradley, to the position of freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Altoona, J. M. Stonebraker, Esq., having resigned. The appointment of Wm. J. Bradley is to date from the 15th inst. This is a reward for services faithfully rendered by this gentleman since he entered the freight office as clerk. Of an active business turn, honest, capable and polite, he will fill well the position to which his employers have promoted him, and his ambition will be to do well what has been assigned him. Here's our hand, Will."

FATAL ACCIDENT AT PORTAGE.—On Saturday last, an elderly man named William Cusick was killed on the railroad at Portage. A freight train was standing on the south track, and Mr. Cusick was walking on the north track, when he was struck by an engine, which had come upon him without giving any notice of its approach. His body was thrown under the engine and dragged a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. A jury was empanelled by P. McGough, Esq., to whom we are indebted for these particulars, an an inquest held on the body of the deceased. The jury rendered a verdict of "killed accidentally," but pronounced the men in charge of the engine guilty of "culpable negligence in not sounding the whistle, or ringing the bell, as they are required to do by the rules of the road, while passing a standing train."

THE Phrenological Journal for April, take it all in all, is one of the best numbers yet issued of a magazine that is justly distinguished for usefulness. The table of contents is of a character to attract all classes of readers, although "sensationalism" seems to claim no place therin. The following subjects seem to us of more special interest: Charles P. Kimball, the well-known carriage maker of Maine; Inborn Strength, an essay on the elements of human advancement; Educating the Sexes Together; Origin of "April Fool"; also an excellent list of recent publications. Terms $3 a year. Single Number, 30 cents. S. R. WELLS, New York.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—By notice published in our paper to-day it will be seen that the mercantile firm of R. R. Davis & Co. is now among the things of the past, the new firm of Sam'l Baxter & Son being the successors and present proprietors. Mr. Davis retires from all business pursuits in our midst, so far as at present known, but leaves behind him in the old store men equally deserving of public confidence and a liberal patronage. To the outgoing as well as the incoming proprietors we tender our best wishes.

D. F. E. C.—Special meeting of the Dauntless fire laddies to-morrow (Saturday) evening. Furthay, "boys"?—you're wanted.

Local Correspondence.

ALTOONA, April 2, 1873.

FRIEND MAC—Quite a number of serious and fatal accidents occurred here during the past week, the particulars of which I will give you as fully as I can:

In the yard in this place, on Thursday last, Mr. John Ross was knocked down by the shifting engine, which ran over both his legs, and while the unfortunate man was struggling beneath the engine a palace car, which had been switched on the opposite track, ran over his head. He lived about 15 minutes afterward. Mr. Ross belonged to the I. O. of O. F., and a special train, with a large delegation of the members of that order and many other citizens on board, ran to Bell's Mills, on Sunday, to attend his funeral. He leaves a wife and three children.

On Friday a son of Mr. James Claycomb was run over by a train of freight cars which was backing down the main track, opposite the lower shops. His remains were ground under the wheels in a terrible manner, portions of his body and limbs being scattered along the track to such an extent that it was difficult to gather them together. The father worked in the glue room and had but a short distance to go to witness the sickening sight presented by the remains of his mangled boy. It appears that the unfortunate lad had climbed on the train, and while jumping from car to car, the train being in motion, fell beneath the wheels, with the horrible result stated. The funeral took place on Sunday.

A man whose name I did not learn, an employee in the lower machine shop, had his leg drawn between the cog wheels of some of the machinery, on Thursday, and was injured to such an extent that the leg had to be amputated between the ankle and the knee.

Mr. —— Baer, husband of the notorious Mrs. Baer, died in this place on Saturday, and was buried yesterday. I understand that his death was the result of injuries received while working for the Pa. R. R. Co., about two years ago.

Quite a sensation is at present on the tapis in regard to the destructive oil train accident (?) which happened near Bell's Mills about two weeks ago. It it is now suspected that the young man Ross was murdered on the train and that the perpetrators of the foul deed "cut" the train while in motion in order to enable them to cover up their crime, and thus, it is supposed, the accident (?) occurred. The impression at first was that the deceased had in in some manner become fastened among the oil barrels and not being able to extricate himself, had perished in the flames. I understand that this same young man worked in a planing mill in Tyrone, and had, some time previous to his tragic death, drawn a bank check in payment for his labor. The check was presented the other day at Lloyd & Co.'s banking house for payment, and on the strength of this the supposed murderer was arrested. Besides the check, it is said the deceased had two watches in his possession. SCOTT.

JOHNSTOWN, April 2, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—The stormy March has gone at last and the "April showers" have followed on its train. The water in the rivers runs full and strong and have done some damage. Mr. Kinter's property, of the Fifth ward, was damaged to the amount of about $500. He had built a stone wall fifty feet long and twenty high to protect his lot from the ice and flood, but the water undermined it this (Wednesday) morning about 5 o'clock, and down it went into the river, making a tremendous crash and smash.

Father Gallagher is making quite a stir in the Catholic church here. He and the good Benedictine Sisters have established a free school, and the number of children already in attendance reach fully five hundred. The capacious building of the Sisters will be filled up entirely. The school will be a graded one, and the sexes will be separated in the higher schools. Five hundred is quite a drain from the other schools. M. P. Meagher is to supply the school with books. Quite a heavy contract.

Geo. W. Cope has secured a fat clerkship in Philadelphia. He left on the first day of April to enter upon his new "position."

C. W. Easly still presides over the local department of the *Daily Tribune*. The engine which runs the *Tribune* office deserves a special. It is one of Baxter's patents. It does not occupy more room than a common egg stove, This includes the furnace, boiler and engine. One bucket of coal, say half a bushel, will make heat enough to create steam for a three hours' run. It has a two horse power capacity, and is the teintiest little engine I ever saw. Mr. Campbell of the *Voice*, is getting an engine built for his office.

The steel works here seem to have a greater capacity than the mines, as iron enough can scarcely be supplied to keep it in operation.

Our mutual friend, John Brady, still keeps his grocery store on the corner where he used to have a hotel, cater-cornered from the old lock-up, and "ferninst" the M. E. church. There is not a cleverer man living, and being almost a cripple from injuries received by the fall of the platform at the depot, some years ago, he deserves all the patronage that a generous public can give him.

There is nothing said about the woolen factory at Woodvale going into operation, but I think it will fire up sometime this spring. FO YANG.

WILMORE, April 2, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—We have for some time contemplated filling the position of local correspondent left vacant by the desertion of the "late lamented" "Soltero." Should we fall short of the attainments of your former scribe you must blame our presumption in assuming his place to our "better-half," who says—and she ought to know—that we can write as well as your and her former correspondent.

Nothing of importance has happened here of late, if we except the frequent snow storms by which we have been visited. The old county road, which leads from this place to your embryo city, is rendered impassible by the drifts, from Settlemyer's school house to the school house in the south end of Cambria township. We anticipate sleighing here to a period not far from the first of May.

Mr. S. A. Kephart, we are informed, designs opening a new store in the building of 'Squire Miller, recently vacated by P. M. Woleslagle & Son. Sam is a clever fellow and of course will be patronized by our people.

Politicians are beginning to come "humming around" our quiet village. We have not paid much attention to the drift of public opinion of late, but we believe that, should our next Democratic County Convention conclude to reward past services to the party, our next county treasurer will be H. A. McPike. No man within our knowledge would more acceptably or honestly fill the position now honored by that most gentlemanly of officials, Esq. Cox. Wishing you all possible success in the political ship, we remain

Yours truly, SCRIBO.

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—One of the *OLDEST and BEST GROCERY ROOMS* in Altoona Pa., is now offered for rent, with a well established and paying custom. The room is the best adapted to the grocery business of any in the city.

For further particulars and terms, address T., Box 282, Altoona, Pa. [3-26.-4t.]

Communications.

FARM HOUSE HOTEL, March 28, '73.

MR. EDITOR—While perambulating the county within the past two or three weeks, I met and conversed with many good and true Democrats, who, through good as well as evil report, have never faltered in their support of the regular nominations made by our county convention. Many with whom I have talked regretted and deplored the defection and want of that union and harmony which have recently brought partial defeat to the ticket, and have made up their minds that in the future they will endeavor, so as far as lies in their power, to guard against this great and growing evil. They informed me that the method so prevalent among traveling aspirants for party nominations—that of importuning and handcuffing every man they meet, endeavoring to obtain a pledge from him to support them, and further seeking to pledge him to the support of some favorite delegate in whom they could confide in the county convention—has done more harm and created more hostility to the ticket than has the supposed unfitness of the nominees, or any other cause. They declared further that if the county convention were allowed to act from its own judgment, it would, to say the least, find as good and competent men who have never importuned any one to vote for them or set up delegates in their favor, as are those who make politics a trade and business every day and night in the year. I am satisfied there is a growing disposition among the best men of the party to check and control, if possible, the practice of what is called packing county conventions, and thus administer a deserved rebuke to those traveling aspirants who can hardly wait for the office until election day comes round. I did not discover any particular objection to any one of the several gentlemen named in connection with the nominations soon to be made, but, as cannot be denied, it is impossible for all of them to be successful in procuring nominations, as there are some four or five, and perhaps more, for every office to be filled this fall; and therefore the necessity for prudent and careful action, both by the people and their delegates in county convention.

A large majority of those with whom politics is scarcely even a secondary consideration, but who are nevertheless strictly party men, do not see why it is that the Democratic papers of the county fail to take the lead in warning the people against those abuses which have brought so much trouble and disappointment on the party, not unfrequently resulting in the defeat of some of the very best men on the ticket. Why should not every township, borough and ward be represented by men who will as a body represent the whole county—men who are unpledged to any man or set of men, no matter how good and true? Why cannot the delegates in county convention, as independent men having the good of the whole as their motto, "let the office seek the man"—a principle which, if adhered to, will ensure a triumphant and glorious victory, as in days of yore?

You at least, Mr. Editor, know that I am not an aspirant for any office, nor do I hope to be made the recipient of a nomination, because I have neither fitness or desire for office. You will therefore pardon me for thus speaking my mind on this, in my opinion, important subject. If desirable, I may let you hear from me again. FOR.

N. B. By the way, Mr. Editor, allow me to congratulate you on the favorable terms I have heard you spoken of in connection with the office of County Treasurer. I hope you have not been traveling around *handcuffing men*.

EBENSBURG, March 29, 1873.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

The following beautiful poem was furnished me some time ago for publication in the "Teachers' Advocate," but it was not received until after the collapse of that journal. The poem has been mislaid for some time past, and only to-day recovered. I submit it to you for publication in the *Freeman*, believing that to the talented authoress, who has been a frequent contributor to your columns, that will be the most satisfactory disposition I can make of it.

Very truly, T. J. CHAPMAN.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Good jailer, pray open the door of my cell,
For a friend that I love is near;
I knew the dear sound of his hurrying step
Whenever it struck my ear.
O friend of my youth, I am doomed to die,
And I have a fair young bride,
And I leave to you, dying, the prayer of my heart,
That she never know how I died.

You may tell her I fell in a foreign land
For a cause that was just and high;
But let her not dream that her lov'd one died
As the felons in our land die.
An innocent life I have saved this day,
But a tyrant lord I've slain;
And a few short days in this dreary cell
Alone of my life remain.

No voice but of charity spoke in my heart,
And the hand that obeyed is clear;
And he that can look to the heavens with hope
Can even be happy here.
But never a word of the prison dark,
Of the shunn'd and nameless grave
That I met in exchange for the fame I sought,
Shall the wind take over the wave.

The hand that she gave me to keep through life
Shall never be held in scorn,
And the name that I gave her, my honored wife,
Shall never in shame be worn.
If only in sorrow her head be bowed,
It will rise as the years go by,
But, meeting in sorrow the world's disdain,
She is fragile enough to die.

"This hope is laid up in my bosom," but this,
"That I my God shall see."
The things of this world are vanishing fast,
And its fame is naught to me.
Yet here, with my soul in the trembling words
That I leave for my far-off bride,
I give to you, dying, the prayer of my heart,
That she never know how I died.

LINNET.

CLEARFIELD TWP., March 21, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—It gives me pleasure to be able to say with truthfulness that the schools in this township, although nearly all closed, have this season come something near to what they were intended for. In proof of this let me say that I visited what is known as the McMullen school, taught by Gilbert E. Little, some time ago, and after hearing several classes recite and observing his theory of teaching, which reflected much credit on both teacher and pupils, I was informed that Mr. L. taught a class in penmanship at night, and being invited by him to stay and see him drill his class in that beautiful art, of which he has a thorough knowledge, I agreed to do so, after which school was adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening. On returning to the school house, I found assembled quite a number of men, old and young, who desired to acquire a knowledge of penmanship. They were called to order at 7 o'clock by their teacher, who, after calling the roll, proceeded to arrange them in a position by which they were enabled to proceed with ease and dexterity, after which he began an explation of the elementary principles of penmanship, which was both interesting and instructive. At the expiration of the two hours, books were adjusted and preparations made for adjourning, whereupon Mr. L. was unanimously requested to address the audience. Accordingly he arose and remarked that as he was at present employed to advance the education of the children of many persons present, he deemed it advisable to speak on the subject of education in general, which he did in an able and logical manner really reflecting much credit upon the orator and the subject upon which he spoke. I, as a citizen of this township, would like in future to see such teachers as Mr. Little employed, that we may receive some benefit for the enormous taxes we have to pay. CITIZEN.

W. R. Elliott's ILLUSTRATED PLANT AND SEED CATALOGUE mailed FREE to all applicants.

W. R. ELLIOTT,
No. 114 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

MARCH RECORDS.

M. M. Adams and wife and H. D. Foster to John J. Troxell, Nov. 2, 1872, 8 lots in Gallitzin twp..... $ 400
Sheriff of Cambria county to T. B. Moore, Jan. 9, 1867, 154 acres in Susquehanna township..... 320
T. B. Moore and wife to Geo. Snyder and F. Snyder, March 7, 1868, 154 acres in Susquehanna twp..... 320
Wm. Weakland and wife to Mich'l Weakland, Nov. 1, 1870, 13 acres and 19 perches in Carroll twp..... 250
R. L. Foster to Wm. Graham, Feb. 20, 1873, 80 acres in Susquehanna township..... 240
Sheriff of Cambria county to James Morley, Dec. 14, 1870, 270 acres in Blacklick township..... 7
Sheriff of Cambria county to James Morley, Dec. 14, 1870, 190 acres in Blacklick township..... 10
Philip Collins and wife to P. M. & J. Brown, Jan. 15, 1873, 221 acres in Croyle township..... 3,627.38
Samuel Grove and wife to Henry Grove, May 7, 1866, 29 acres and 31 perches in Jackson township... 200
B. F. Douglass and wife to Porter Kinports, Jan. 22, 1873, 50 acres and 54 perches in Susquehanna tp. 320
B. F. Douglass and wife to Porter Kinports, Jan. 22, 1873, the undivided one-half of 154 acres and 46 perches in Susquehanna twp..... 1,550
B. F. Douglass and wife to Porter Kinports, Jan. 22, 1873, the undivided one-half of 345 acres and 149 perche sin Susquehanna twp..... 5,500
D. R. & P. Kinports to Elizabeth Forbes, Dec. 20, 1862, lot in Susquehanna township..... 103
M. Forbes and wife to Porter Kinports, March 2, 1866, lot in Susquehanna township..... 300
J. C. Fisher and others to John Somerville, April 24, 1872, 40 acres in Susquehanna township..... 80
Peter Rhoads and wife to Valentine Frey, Oct. 1, '72, lot in Conemaugh township..... 50
J. P. McConaughy and wife to J. R. Stiffler, Feb. 24, 1873, lot in Cambria township..... 325
Jacob Wertz and wife to J. A. Wertz, Oct. 26, 1872, 2 lots in Conemaugh township..... 150
B. F. Horner and wife to David Horner, Feb. 19, 1871, the undivided one-sixth part of 8 acres and 153 perches in Conemaugh twp..... 600
W. H. Carrel to John Carrel, Dec. 2, 1871, lot in Johnstown..... 1,200
C. Allenbaugh and wife to Jno. Border, May 6, 1872, 1 acre in Summerhill township..... 450
J. W. James and others to Mary A. Morgan, Oct. 2, 1869, lot in Johnstown..... 1,400
Isaac Richard, agreement with Jno. S. Blough, June 18, 1873, piece of land in Richland township..... 10
Daniel S. Ream, with Geo. Conrad, March 25, 1869, lot at Scalp Level 80
Board of Trustees of the Diocese of Pittsburgh to H. Prichard, Jan. 6, 1873, lot in Johnstown..... 400
Wm. Noel, agreement with Jacob Sherans, July 11, 1872, 155 acres in Chest township..... 250
Johnstown Manufacturing Company to A. Beck, March 24, 1871, lot in Woodvale borough..... 300
M. W. Kelm and wife to B. Kearney, April 27, 1872, lot in Johnstown..... 300
Thos. Lapsley and wife to John Rinard, March 28, 1870, half lot in Johnstown..... 800
Adm'r of Wm. Gittings to W. J. Morgan, March 10, 1869, lot in Ebensburg borough..... 700
Griffith Owens and wife to W. J. Morgan, March 20, 1865, for 53½ acres in Carroll township..... 137.25
O. Weand and wife to B. Benshoof, Feb. 17, 1873, 97 acres and 60 perches in Taylor township..... 2,435.31
Thos. Van Scoyoc and wife to John Van Scoyoc, Sept. 10, '70, 50 acres in White township..... 760
Jno. Canavan to David Faloon, Dec. 19, 1872, 8 acres in Conemaugh tp. 700
Wm. Murray and wife to Henry Carpenter, Oct. 1, 1872, 54 acres in Croyle township..... 1,700

THE PRICE OF TYPE.—Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. announce that they have at their warehouse in New York an assortment of type from one of the most celebrated foundries in the world, that of Figgins, London, England, which they will sell at 20 per cent. discount from the American scale, when ordered in fonts of 100 pounds and upwards. They also offer to import large fonts on special orders at a greater discount from the American scale, and profess to be able to fill the largest order in eight weeks from date of its receipt in New York. They supply sorts in large or small quantities from their stock on hand in New York at the American scale rate. They assert that if the present duty on type shall be removed, the price of the article, both of home and foreign manufacture, will immediately fall 40 per cent. below the present scale.

Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. are known as conducting the largest advertising business ever recated by one house, and are also extensive dealers in printing materials. They are compelled to import foreign goods because American founders, governed by a close corporation or ring, keep the price vastly too high, and at the same time make it an exception to every other species of merchandise by levying no wholesale price; the same amount per pound being charged to the purchaser of five thousand pounds as would be paid by him who wants fifty.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR A BUSINESS MAN.—Owing to continued ill health, the subscriber has concluded to retire from business, and will therefore sell at wholesale, upon reasonable terms, his entire stock of

MERCHANDISE.

He will also lease his large STORE ROOM, good will and fixtures for one or more years. The stand is one of the best in the place, and the business has been increasing yearly. If the stock is not disposed of before the 12th of April next, it will be sold at public sale, by retail, due notice of which will be given. Any person desirous of purchasing can obtain all the information required by calling on the subscriber at his residence.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, March 28, 1873.-3t.

HOLLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made ware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.—With smiles that are sweet and a form that is neat, if your conduct's discreet, you can tempt young men to marry; but to add to the rest, you should always be dressed in goods cheapest and best, and—but just here let us tarry and invite the attention of our young lady friends and the rest of womankind, as well as mankind, to the fact that M. Bossart & Co., corner of Main and Franklin sts., Johnstown, keep just the kind of goods that will suit all tastes and please all buyers in the matter of texture, quality, beauty and price. Go, see.

HEAVEN bless S. J. Hess, who, with his brother, keeps goods so fine in the clothing line, unsurpassed by any other. Their store complete is on Main street, in famous Johnstown borough, where all will find treatment kind and never know a sorrow for having bought a bumkum lot of clothing cheap tomorrow, to-day, or at any other time, for be it known that their store, 241 and 243 Main street, is now filled to repletion with the first invoice of elegant clothing, etc., for the spring trade, that has yet reached that city.

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!—Andrew Moses, Merchant Tailor, 104 Clinton street, Johnstown, has just received, and is now prepared to make up in accordance with the latest fashions and in the best style of workmanship, his first invoice of spring and summer goods for gentlemen's and youths' wear. Orders taken for fine shirts, custom made, full suits, and single garments.—Workmanship unsurpassed and prices unequalled for cheapness. [3-13.-2m.]

WHEN Dame Nature begins to don her mantle of green, and the other dames and damsels commence thinking about a change of raiment suitable to the genial season now approaching, then will all feminine eyes and many feminine footsteps be turned in the direction of I. T. Coppock's renowned dress goods and dry goods bazaar, 242 Main street, Johnstown, which is *par excellence* the place to buy the choicest goods at the lowest prices.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore from fresh, selected livers, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided its superior to any of the other oils in market. [12m.]

BYMENEAL.

SHUYLTE—LONGENECKER.—Married, on the 25th ult., at Belsano, by Geo. W. Empfield, Esq., Mr. John Shuylte, of Indiana county, and Miss Catharine A. Longenecker, of this county.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite the Mansion Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership existing for the past year between the undersigned in the practice of medicine at Carrolltown, was dissolved by mutual consent April 1st. The books have been left with M. J. Buck, M. D., for settlement on or before the first day of June next, after which date all unsettled accounts will be left in the hands of an officer for collection.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
M. J. BUCK, M. D.
Carrolltown, April 4, 1873.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of SIMON WEAKLAND, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Simon Weakland, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay and those having claims against the same will present them properly proferred for settlement.

HENRY SCANLAN, Executor.
Carrolltown, April 4, 1873.-6t.

THE GREAT LIGHTNING INK ERASER, for instantly removing ink from paper, cotton, linen, &c., without injury or soiling the fabric. It does away with all scratching where mistakes are made, and removes blots *instantaneously*. It should be on the desk of every lawyer, book-keeper and teacher, and as it not only removes ink spots but also fruit stains and iron rust, every family needs it. It is put up handsomely, and sold at 50 cts. per bottle. AGENTS wanted to introduce it everywhere. R. G. HUTCHINSON, Stationer, 44 Maiden Lane, New York. [April 4, 1873.-1m.

ELIXIR de LONGUE VIE, or FRENCH LONG-LIVED BITTERS, have been used in France for more than 100 years, and are now being introduced into this country. They are composed of Vegetable extracts and are designed for the purification of the blood, thus preventing as well as curing nearly all diseases to which the human system is liable. As a blood purifier, and as a *promoter of long life* they are believed to be unequaled. Price 50 cents per bottle. We wish to introduce them into this section, and desire an energetic agent, to whom liberal terms will be offered. AW. DESPARD & Co., Sole Agents, No. 42 Cedar St., N. Y.

PUBLIC SALE of TOWN LOTS.
The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 22D DAY OF April inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., FOUR LOTS OF GROUND situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, each Lot 66 feet fronting on Crawford street and extending back towards Sample street, about 115 feet, excepting one Lot, which is a little shorter. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

FRANCIS GUTHRIE, } Commissioners.
WM. H. MCLELLAND, }
ANTHONY ANNA, }
Ebensburg, April 4, 1873.-3t.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,
GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.
Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
AMERICAN
BONELESS
SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to travelers; or at Pic-nics. Packed in the best Olive oil of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French Sardines. Their delicious flavor, and nutritious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers.

Wholesale by
THE AMERICAN SARDINE CO.,
31 Broad Street, N. Y.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore exising between the undersigned in the mercantile business, under the firm name of R. R. DAVIS & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of WM. BAXTER, who is empowered to settle the same. R. R. DAVIS,
WM. BAXTER.
Ebensburg, April 2, 1873.-6t.

The mercantile business will hereafter be conducted at the old stand on High street, near Centre, by SAMUEL BAXTER and WM. BAXTER, who have entered into partnership under the firm name of BAXTER & SON, and who solicit and hope to merit a fair share of public patronage. Dry goods, groceries and other merchandise of the best qualities will be sold at lowest market rates. BAXTER & SON.

Especial Attention

The GUIDE is published QUARTERLY. 25 cts. pays for the year, which is not half the cost.—Those who write us wards send money to amount of One Dollar or more for seeds may also order 5 cents worth extra—the price paid for GUIDE. The *First Number* is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Homes, Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and a mass of information. Send 25 cts. to JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG FROM 29TH of February, 1872, to 28th of February, 1873:

WILLIAM DAVIS, Treasurer..... Dr.

| |

RESCUED FROM INDIANS.

BY CHARLES E. BLAKESLEE.

Among the first settlers west of the Alleghany river was a man, with his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, of the name of Thornburg. A home was established a little south of the central part of Ohio, and after a year or two their habitation showed the evidences of taste and industry which always characterizes the advance of civilization. Agnes Thornburg, the elder of the two daughters, had reached the age of about eighteen years, when the exciting incident which I am about to relate occurred. Agnes was beautiful in the true sense of the term; her well developed form indicated health and vigor, while her rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, raven winged hair and well chiselled nose and mouth, made her absolutely bewitching. It need be thought Alfred Culver, who lived not far away, and she a young Indian warrior who now and then made overtures of marriage at the log cabin of the girl's father.

One day, after the sun had passed the meridian some three hours, two Indians emerged stealthily out of the woods which bordered the home lot. One of the red head locks was the young warrior before mentioned; the other a tool in his hands to assist in stealing and carrying away the young paleface, of whom he had become enamored. The two gods being alone, and Three the youngest, ten eight years of age, the work before them was neither long nor difficult. Their presence was unnoticed, and the spell sway with the agility of a young roe to appease her father, who was at work in a "clearing," not more than a quarter of a mile from the house.

Thornburg met the exciting child, who was screaming lustily for help, and without stopping to aim himself, further than with the axe which he had in his hand, he plunged into the woods with the desperation of a mad man, in the direction pointed out by the child as the one which the Indians had taken. The swift-moving Indians followed, but the anxious father worked as rapidly as it was in the power of one with his limited experience to do, and just before sunset, caught sight of the rapists and the captives. Thornburg shouted as a ran, but had not advanced far when he was discovered by the Indians, who also quickened their pace, but trouble soon followed. Agnes discovered her father, and obediently refused to take another step. No flourish of tomahawk or brandishing of scalping knife could intimidate her as before.

The Indians apparently discovered that they were pursued by a single man, and he without firearms, so they deliberately bound Agnes hand and foot, and awaited the issues. Thornburg advanced to within about ten feet of the party and by command of Agnes, came to a stand-still. The two Indians stood and gazed at him with mingled curiosity and astonishment.—Thornburg here for the first time realized that he was no sufficiently armed to encounter a deadly contest with two fully equipped war men of the forest.

Agnes begged of her father not to attempt to rescue her by force, as it would only result in his death and multiply her sufferings, and as her request he knelt down, the axe and lifted up his empty hands to signify his purpose not to make an attack. Pleadings were made for restoration by father and daughter as well as could be by signs, and the use of what few words they understood in the Indian tongue—but the young warrior shook his head and flourished his tomahawk in a manner which signified that Agnes should go with him, and the old man must die. The girl became almost frantic through fear for her father's safety and made her captors understand that if they would spare the life of her parent she would go with them freely. To this they gave heed, and so bound Thornburg to a tree, and forced the pretty captive on again through the now darkening forest. Agnes somehow felt confident that her father would be found, relieved and again overtake them, and rescue her by the aid of others, and so she traveled well into the night without uttering a complaint.

Little Elmer did not return to the house after telling her father of the capture of Agnes, but ran through the bridle-path to the home of Alfred Culver, to tell the story there. Young Culver received the intelligence with distended mouth and staring eyes, but soon regained his senses, and strapping on his rifle and putting a big knife in his hunting belt, struck out alone in pursuit of the demons who were bearing away his idol, vowing, while he clutched tightly the handle of his knife, that he would never return without her. Darkness came upon him before coming in sight of the Indians, so he climbed to the top of a tree to spend the night, and wear away slow hours in wretchedness and suspense.

As the first glimmer of dawn stole above the eastern horizon, Alfred ate a little of the bread and jerked venison which he had wisely taken along, and as soon as he could possibly make the trail pushed on with renewed vigor. Just before sunrise he came upon Thornburg, lashed to the tree and after cutting the thongs, learned the story of the father's adventure. The old gentleman from his twelve hours in a position but little better than the rack of the inquisition, was utterly unable to follow the trail with young Culver, and so determined to work his way homeward as best he could. Alfred gave strong assurance that he would bring Agnes back alive, if possible, but would wipe out the red faces at all hazards.

Early in the forenoon young Culver came to the spot where the Indians and the fair captive had spent a portion of the night, and while making a close examination of the spot to determine as accurately as possible how long since they had left, he found written on the surface of a flat stone the following:

"I am scarcely bound, but write this while the Indians sleep. We are to make an early start in the morning, with course south east, until a big river is reached, and then follow the river south. May God help and—"

That was all. The abrupt termination indicated that Agnes had been interrupted while attempting to leave a message to those who might follow for her rescue. Alfred pushed ahead with new hope, and now disregarding the hindrances in keeping the trail, made much greater headway than the red faces with their weary captive, and a little after noon came upon the object of his search. The two Indians were sitting upon the ground beside a spring, with Agnes bound near them. Alfred unobserved, crept in range with a huge tree, as near to be thought safe, and taking deliberate aim through a little clump of underbrush, his faithful rifle sent forth a stream of fire that awakened the stillness of the deep woods, and one of the Indians rolled over with a ball in his head. The young warrior leaped to his feet with a yell of indignation and prepared to meet young Culver, who came down upon him like a right upon its prey. He drew his tomahawk and hurled it at his pursuer with a force that would have cleft Alfred's skull, had he missed the stock of his gun at the same instant, which turned the deadly missile.

Both drew their knives, and stood glaring at each other like demons. Neither made a definite move for some time, each apparently realizing the power of his adversary. They moved around in a circle without changing their gaze for full five minutes, when the Indian leaped like a panther upon the young hunter, but he missed his mark; and not used as the glistening blades passed each other, the warrior's hand who cut and he dropped to his knee and clutched the right arm of his foe, and a desperate struggle followed. Alfred had his knife and the two rolled over and over again upon the earth. The Indian was rapidly getting the mastery in the evolutions, when young Culver, at a glance, saw one of the knives within his reach. A moment later and our hero bent over Agnes and planted a kiss upon her brow as he cut the thongs that bound her. Two fatal savages lay beside them, and she was free. A long journey was before them to reach the homes where anxious hearts awaited, but that made it, and now I will leave the rest for the great grandchildren of Agnes and Alfred to tell, for they told me what I have written.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN
JURUBEBA
BLOOD PURIFIER

Is a compound of the juices of vegetables with the Jurubeba, which is a tonic, alterative and diuretic, and is the most powerful blood purifier ever discovered. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Throat, Mercurial Diseases, Chronic Sore Eyes, Female Complaints, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Diseases of the Bladder, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Want of Energy, Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Fevers of a Low Type, Intermittent Fevers, Chills and Fever, Ague, Bilious Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Urinary Passages, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick Dust Deposits, Mucous Discharges, Irritation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Bladder, Uterine Diseases, Floodings, Painful Menstruation, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, Impotency, Involuntary Discharges, Premature Decay, Wasting Weakness, Lack of Confidence, Self-Distrust, Confusion of Ideas, Hysteria, Melancholy, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in Insanity, Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Coughs, Asthma

RESCUED FROM INDIANS.

BY GEORGE E. BLAKELEE.

Among the first settlers west of the Allegheny river was a man, with his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, of the name of Thornburg. A home was established a little north of the central part of Ohio, and after a year or two their habitation showed the evidences of taste and industry which always characterizes the advance of civilization. Agnes Thornburg, the elder of the two daughters, had reached the age of about eighteen years, when the exciting incident which I am about to relate, occurred. Agnes was beautiful in the true sense of the term; her well developed form indicated health and vigor, while her rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, raven winged hair and well chiseled nose and mouth, made her absolutely bewitching; at least so thought Alfred Culver, who lived not far away, and also a young Indian warrior who now and then made peace offerings at the log cabin of the girl's father.

One day, after the sun had passed the meridian some three hours, two Indians crept stealthily out of the woods which bordered the house lot. One of the red faced devils was the young warrior before mentioned; the other a tool in his hands to assist in stealing and carrying away the young pale-face, of whom he had become enamored. The two girls being alone, and Elnor, the younger, but eight years of age, the work before them was neither long nor difficult. Elnor was unmolested, and she sped away with the agility of a young roe to apprise her father, who was at work in a "clearing" not more than a quarter of a mile from the house.

Thornburg met the excited child, who was screaming lustily for help, and without stopping to arm himself further than with the axe which he had in his hand, he plunged into the woods with the desperation of a mad man, in the direction pointed out by the child as the one which the Indians had taken. The trail was difficult to follow, but the anxious father worked on as rapidly as it was in the power of one with his limited experience to do, and just before sunset, caught sight of the captors and the captive. Thornburg started on a run, but had not advanced far when he was discovered by the Indians, who also quickened their pace; but trouble soon followed. Agnes discovered her father, and absolutely refused to take another step. No flourish of tomahawk, or brandishing of scalping knife could intimidate her as before.

The Indians apparently discovered that they were pursued by a single man, and he without firearms, so they deliberately bound Agnes hand and foot, and awaited the onset. Thornburg advanced to within about ten feet of the party, and by command of Agnes, came to a dead halt. The two Indians stood and gazed at him with mingled curiosity and astonishment.—Thornburg here for the first time realized that he was not sufficiently armed to enter into a deadly contest with two fully equipped red men of the forest.

Agnes begged of her father not to attempt to rescue her by force, as it would only result in his death and multiply her sufferings, and at her request he laid down the axe and lifted up his empty hands to signify his purpose not to make an attack. Pleadings were made for restoration by father and daughter as well as could be by signs, and the use of what few words they understood in the Indian tongue; but the young warrior shook his head and flourished his tomahawk in a manner which signified that Agnes should go with him, and the old man must die. The girl became almost frantic through fear for her father's safety, and made her captors understand that if they would spare the life of her parent she would go with them freely. To this they gave heed, and so bound Thornburg to a tree, and forced the pretty captive on again through the now darkening forest. Agnes somehow felt confident that her father would be found, relieved and again overtake them, and rescue her by the aid of others, and so she traveled well into the night without uttering a complaint.

Little Elnor did not return to the house after telling her father of the capture of Agnes, but ran through the bridle-path to the home of Alfred Culver, to tell the story there. Young Culver received the intelligence with distended mouth and staring eyes, but soon regained his senses, and strapping on his rifle and putting a big knife in his hunting belt, struck out alone in pursuit of the demons who were bearing away his idol, vowing, while he clutched tightly the handle of his knife, that he would never return without her. Darkness came upon him before coming in sight of the Indians, so he climbed to the top of a tree to spend the night, and wear away slow hours in wretchedness and suspense.

As the first glimmer of dawn stole above the eastern horizon, Alfred ate a little of the bread and jerked venison which he had wisely taken along, and as soon as he could possibly make the trail pushed on with renewed vigor. Just before sunrise he came upon Thornburg, lashed to the tree and after cutting the thongs, learned the story of the father's adventure. The old gentleman from his twelve hours in a position but little better than the rack of the inquisition, was utterly unable to follow the trail with young Culver, and so determined to work his way homeward as best he could. Alfred gave strong assurance that he would bring Agnes back alive, if possible, but would wipe out the red faces at all hazzards.

Early in the forenoon young Culver came to the spot where the Indians and the fair captive had spent a portion of the night, and while making a close examination of the spot to determine as accurately as possible how long since they had left, he found written on the surface of a flat stone the following:

"I am securely bound, but write this while the Indians sleep. We are to make an early start in the morning, with course south-east, until a big river is reached, and then follow the river south. May God help and—"

That was all. The abrupt termination indicated that Agnes had been interrupted while attempting to leave a message to those who might follow for her rescue. Alfred pushed ahead with new hope, and notwithstanding the hindrances in keeping the trail, made much greater headway than the red faces with their weary captive, and a little after noon came upon the object of his search. The two Indians were sitting upon the ground beside a spring, with Agnes bound near them. Alfred unobserved, crept in range with a large tree, as near as he thought it safe, and taking deliberate aim through a little clump of undergrowth, his faithful rifle sent forth a stream of fire that awakened the stillness of the deep woods, and one of the Indians rolled over with a ball in his head. The young warrior leaped to his feet with a yell of indignation and prepared to meet young Culver, who came down upon him like a tiger upon its prey. He drew his tomahawk and hurled it at his pursuer with a force that would have cleft Alfred's skull, but he raised the stock of his gun at the same instant, which turned the deadly missile.

Both drew their knives, and stood glaring at each other like demons. Neither made a definite move for some time, each apparently realizing the power of his adversary. They moved around in a circle without changing their gaze for full five minutes, when the Indian leaped like a panther upon the young hunter, but he missed his mark; steel met steel and as the glistening blades passed each other, the warrior's hand was cut and he dropped his knife and clutched the right arm of his foe, and a desperate struggle followed. Alfred lost his knife and the two rolled over and over again upon the earth. The Indian was rapidly getting the mastery in the evolutions, when young Culver, at a glance, saw one of the knives within his reach. A moment more and our hero bent over Agnes and planted a kiss upon her brow as he cut the thongs that bound her. Two dead savages lay beside them, and she was free. A long journey was before them to reach the homes where anxious hearts awaited, but they made it, and now I will leave the rest for the great grand-children of Agnes and Alfred to tell, for they told me what I have written.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER

is unequaled by any known purifier. It will eradicate, extirpate and thoroughly destroy all poisonous substances in the Blood and will effectually dispel all predisposition to bilious derangement.

Is there want of action in your Liver and Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c., &c.

Have you a Dyspeptic Stomach? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force, poverty of the Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.

It will impart youthful vigor to weary sufferers.

Have you weakness of the Intestines? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhœa or the dreadful Inflammation of the Bowels.

Have you weakness of the Uterine or Urinary Organs? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Are you dejected, drowsy, dull, sluggish or depressed in spirits, with head ache, back ache, coated tongue and bad tasting mouth?

For a certain remedy for all of these diseases, weaknesses and troubles; for cleansing and purifying the vitiated blood and imparting vigor to all the forces; for building up and restoring the weakened constitution, USE

JURUBEBA,

which is pronounced by the leading medical authorities of London and Paris "the most powerful tonic and alterative known to the medical world." This is no new and untried discovery, but has been long used by the leading physicians of other countries with *wonderful* remedial results.

Don't weaken and impair the digestive organs by cathartics and physics. They give only temporary relief. Indigestion, flatulency and dyspepsia, with piles and kindred diseases, are sure to follow their use.

Keep the blood pure and health is assured.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., N. Y.,
Sole Agent for the United States.
Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!
TWO NEW POTATOES!

Bliss's Garden Seeds.

EXTRA EARLY VERMONT. Ten Days Earlier than Early Rose. Enormously Productive and of EXCELLENT FLAVOR. $1 per pound; 4 pounds by mail, postpaid, for $3.50.

COMPTON'S SURPRISE, 826 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. A little later than Early Rose. EQUAL IN QUALITY. $3 per pound by mail, postpaid.

$500 will be awarded as PREMIUMS to those who produce the Largest Quantity from one pound. Descriptive Circulars of the above, with list of 300 varieties of Potatoes, free to all.

ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE, 200 pages with Colored Chromo, 25 cents.

A New Tomato, the "ARLINGTON." Early, solid and productive. Price, 25c. per packet. Five packets for $1.

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GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
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SMITHFIELD ST PITTSBURGH PA.

Breech-loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $3 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. Pistols, $1 to $8. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle. Large discount to Dealers or Clubs. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bough or traded for. Goods sent by express C.O.D. to be examined before paid for

Estate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Rev. EDMUND E. BURNS, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

REV. E. A. BUSH,
JOHN H. DOUGLASS, } Adm'rs.
February 21, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Jacob W. Stuby, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.
Carrolltown, Feb. 28, 1873.-6t.

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the Court House in Ebensburg on MONDAY, the 7TH DAY OF APRIL next, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M.

March 21.-3t. JNO. E. SCANLAN, Sec'y.

EBENSBURG NORMAL ACADEMY.—T. J. CHAPMAN, M. A., Principal.—Third Session will commence May 19th, 1873. Class limited to 30. Send for circular. 1m.

WAGON FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at a bargain a new light TWO-HORSE WAGON. Call on

March 7, 1873.-3t. GEO. C. K. ZAHM.

New Advertisements.

SAWS

[Established 1830.]
WELCH & GRIFFITHS,
MANUFACTURERS OF SAWS,
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
EVERY SAW WARRANTED.
FILES, BELTING & MACHINERY.
LIBERAL DISCOUNTS. Price Lists and Circulars free.
Welch & Griffiths,
BOSTON, MASS., AND DETROIT, MICH.

Largest Organ Establishment in the World.
7 Extensive Factories.
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ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS,

The latest and best improvements. Everything that is new and novel. The leading improvements in Organs were introduced first in this establishment.

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ONLY 10 CENTS!

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A plain treatise, containing sample cards with 42 different actually painted shades and tints, with instructions for exterior and interior House Decoration.

25 copies, bound in cloth, for $5. Sample copies, paper cover, mailed, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 10 cents, by the publisher.

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Box 1624, Post-Office, Philadelphia.

See following valuable extracts from press notices:

"A very valuable book, and no one intending to paint should fail to read it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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"A want long felt at last supplied."—*Sci. Am.*

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"Buy 25 copies of this book and distribute them among your friends. If they will heed the advice therein, you could make no more valuable present."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"In publishing this book Mr. Baird has done a real service to the community."—*Toledo Blade.*

"We hope the publisher will sell 100,000 copies of this book during '73."—*Boston Advertiser.*

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BY SENDING *only* 25 CENTS to JAS. W. REMINGTON, at Moundsville, Marshall Co. W. Va., you will receive by return mail 500 useful receipts.

USE the Reisinger Sash Lock and Support to

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No spring to break, no cutting of sash; cheap, durable, very easily applied; holds sash at any place desired, and a self-fastener when the sash is down. Send stamp for circular. Circular and six copper bronzed locks sent to any address in the U. S., postpaid, on receipt of 50 cts. Liberal inducements to the trade. Agents wanted. Address REISINGER SASH LOCK CO., No. 418 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Wood-Working Machinery Generally.
Specialties:—Woodworth Planing, Tonguing and Grooving Machines, Richardson's Patent Improved Tenon Machines, &c.
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$5 TO $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

$1.000 REWARD.

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that De Bing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all druggists. Price $1.00.

GRANDEST SCHEME OF THE AGE!

$500,000
CASH GIFTS.
$100,000 for Only $10.

Under authority of special legislative act of March 16, 1871, the trustees now announce the **Third Grand Gift Concert** for the benefit of the **Public Library of Kentucky**, to come off in Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., on

Tuesday, April 8th, 1873.

At this Concert the best musical talent that can be procured from all parts of the country will add pleasure to the entertainment, and **Ten Thousand Gifts**, aggregating a vast total of **Five Hundred Thousand Dollars** currency, will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, as follows:

One Grand Cash Gift,		$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		25,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		20,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		10,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		5,000
24 Cash Gifts of $1,000 each,		24,000
50 Cash Gifts of	500 "	25,000
80 Cash Gifts of	400 "	32,000
100 Cash Gifts of	300 "	30,000
150 Cash Gifts of	200 "	30,000
500 Cash Gifts of	100 "	50,000
9,000 Cash Gifts of	10 "	90,000
Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash,		$500,000

To provide means for the magnificent Concert, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TICKETS ONLY will be issued.

Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; and Quarters, $2.50. *Eleven whole Tickets for $100. No discount on less than $100 orders.*

The object of this **Third Gift Concert**, like the two heretofore given with such universal approval, is the enlargement and endowment of the **Public Library of Kentucky**, which by the special act authorizing the concert for its benefit, is to be forever free to all citizens of every State. The drawing will be under the supervision of the Trustees of the Library, assisted by the most eminent citizens of the United States. The sale of tickets has already progressed so far that complete success is assured, and buyers are therefore notified that they must order at once if they desire to participate in the drawing.

The management of this undertaking has been committed by the trustees to HON. THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, late Governor of Kentucky, to whom communications pertaining to the Gift Concert may be addressed.

R. T. DURRETT, Pres't.
W. N. HALDEMAN, Vice Pres't.
JOHN S. CAIN, Sec'y Public Library of Ky.
FARMERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, Treasurer, Public Library of Ky., Louisville, Ky.

As the time for the Concert is close at hand (April 8th), parties wanting tickets should send in their orders immediately if they would avoid the rush and delay absolutely unavoidable in the few days preceding the drawing. All orders and applications for agencies, circulars and information will meet with prompt attention.—THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Agent Public Library Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.

DUPONT'S GUNPOWDER.

ALL kinds of Mining, Blasting and Sporting Powder in Metalic kegs, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, from our Magazines at Mill prices. This well known Powder has been manufactured for over 70 years, and is sold at same prices as other Brands. Also, every variety of Dry and Water *Safety Fuse.*

D. W. C. BIDWELL & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts,
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TO SELL THE
LIGHT RUNNING
"DOMESTIC"

SEWING MACHINE!

ABOUT
10,000
Sold last year;
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This year;
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The "Domestic" supersedes others because it surpasses them in the every day service it renders, *both in the work-shop and family;* and because it is equally useful for VERY FINE and VERY HEAVY WORK.

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The "DOMESTIC" *has taken more Premiums this season than any other Machine,* and is specially recommended for Family use and Manufacturers. It is simple in construction, noiseless and easily run. A large stock of Thread, Silks, &c., always on hand. Address,

THE "DOMESTIC" S. M. COMPANY,
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Best Thing in the West.

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Three Million Acres
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Eleven Years' Credit. Seven per Cent. Interest. 22½ per cent. reduction to settlers who improve.

A FREE PASS TO LAND BUYERS.

THE FACTS about this Grant are—Low Prices, Long Credit, and a Rebate to settlers of nearly one-fourth; a Rich Soil and Splendid Climate; short and mild Winters, early planting, and no wintering of Stock; plenty of Rainfall, and just at the right season; Coal, Stone and Brick on the line; Cheap Rates on Lumber, Coal, &c.; no lands owned by Speculators; Homestead and Pre-emptions now abundant; a first-class Railroad on the line of a great Through Route; Products will pay for Land and Improvements.

It is THE BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC *through the recent completion of the Road.*

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A. E. TOUZALIN,
Manager Land Dep't,
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JOHNSON'S
RHEUMATIC COMPOUND,
AND
BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the effectual cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and as a Blood Purifier, it has no equal; for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. The RHEUMATIC COMPOUND reaches the source of all trouble, and effectually banishes the disease from the system by its immediate action on the blood.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

PREPARED BY
R. E. Sellers & Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Andrew Moses,
DEALER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
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JOHN H. MURRAY..... .....JOS. M. DUNN.
Murray & Dunn,
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HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

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BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE
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M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136 Franklin Street, Johnstown. 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

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WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
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INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
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HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
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HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Humors, Rheum, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Scurfiness, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms, Tetter, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonderful Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure.

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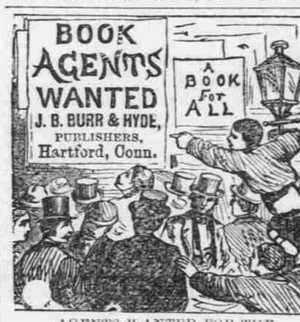

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